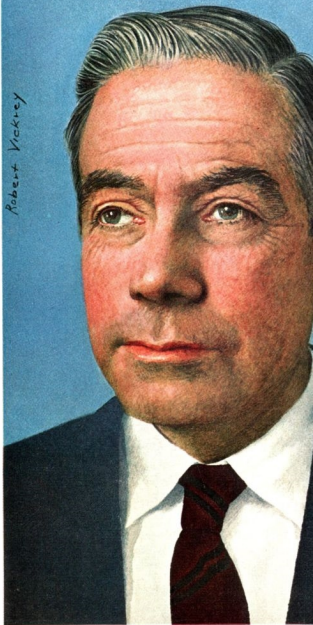


TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

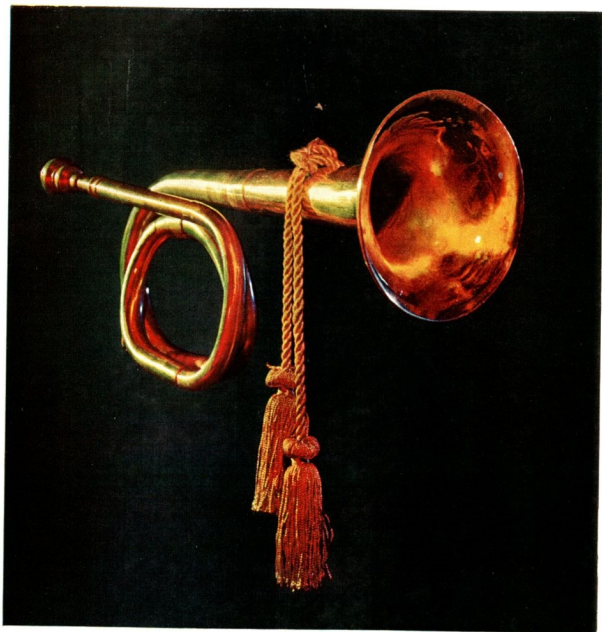
POLITICS 1962
The Campaign in Full Cry

THE WEEKLY NEWS



Robert Vickrey

VOL. LXXX



How wide-awake employers are actively using group insurance

Traditionally, group insurance and pension plans have often played a passive role in management planning.

But today, many employers are waking up to the fact that group plans have a latent power that can be used actively to promote employee effectiveness.

Hundreds of companies are doing this right now with the help of an exclusive Connecticut General technique called Better Employee Understanding, B.E.U. for short. This proven service works by communicating the

real worth of group plans to each employee in personal, meaningful terms. It gives new importance to an old story.

The results? Greater loyalty and enthusiasm among the work force. Less trouble in recruiting good new men. And, frequently, increased productivity.

Learn how this exclusive technique can be tailored to benefit your firm. Call Connecticut General or your own insurance man today. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

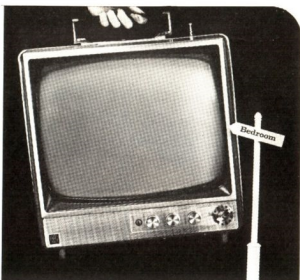


Half the weight of most portables

The new General Electric Escort... the most portable portable made in America. It weighs only 22 pounds and the screen is a full 16 inches (diag. meas.). It is as portable as a briefcase.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

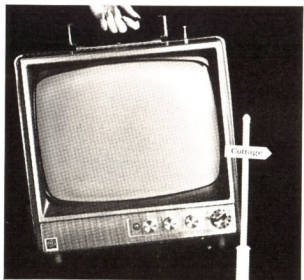


Ssssssh!

The Escort has a private earphone for private listening. Plug it into the set and you can hear your programs without disturbing others. Swivel wall bracket and smart carrying case are optional.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

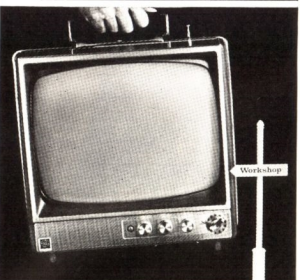


Have plug will travel

Where to? Upstairs... down to the office or shop... the kitchen, playroom, or maybe out on the lawn. You can take your Escort wherever there is electric current. It's as fun to carry as a hatbox.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Go!

General Electric has designed the new Escort for one purpose: rugged compact portability. It's built with solid precision. And the Escort's reliability is assured by 1486 quality-control checks.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



don't buy a size larger!



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less
than
1%
length
shrinkage*

by Govt. Std. Test 7550 (#CCC-T-191b)

in *Pak-nit*
cotton

*T.M. of Compax Corp.

Munsingwear
GUARANTEE

- less than 1% length shrinkage
- guaranteed not to shrink out of fit
- the fit is stabilized permanently



Always the leader, Munsingwear T-shirts feature, and guarantee, patented nylon reinforced nylarib neckband . . . won't sag, shrink or stretch; taped shoulders for longer wear and strength; tailored comfort-shaped fit. Only Munsingwear offers all this, plus *Pak-nit* cotton, too.

\$1.50, Prep \$1.25, Jr. \$1.00

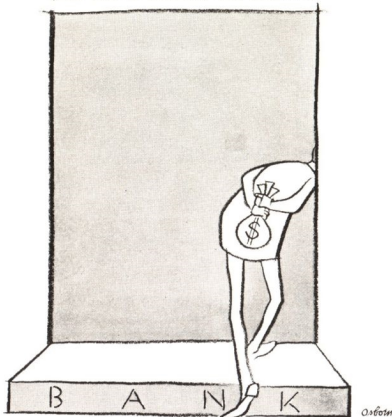
Yes, men . . . there IS a big difference!

Munsingwear, Inc., Minneapolis 5, Minnesota

TIME, OCTOBER 19, 1962

How to tell the difference between a Full Service Bank and all those other "banks"

(AND WHY IT WILL PAY YOU TO KNOW)



Viewed from the sidewalk, most financial institutions look pretty much alike. But once you look behind the doric columns and "Time and Temperature" signs, you'll find a difference. *Doing something* about this difference can save you cash money. It might even speed your financial growth. It will certainly enhance your credit reputation.

You see, different financial institutions do different things. Some take in savings and make real estate loans. Others make mostly personal and auto loans. But there is one kind of institution which, by law, does all of these things, and more. We're talking about a Full Service commercial bank.

A Full Service bank is a sort of "financial department store," capable of performing a wide variety of functions. It is not limited to savings and a few types of loans. It can accept both checking accounts and savings deposits, and can make home loans, personal loans, auto loans, travel loans, business loans, as well as loans for practically any other legitimate purpose you can name.

Why concentrate on a Full Service commercial bank?

The kind of people who have made the most of their money take *all* of their money matters to one place. They rely heavily on the personal counsel that one Full Service bank can give them. In addition to any checking accounts in the family, they put all their long-range funds into a *savings* account. (This savings account may earn a little less than in some other places but it's *worth* a lot more, as you will see.) They make a point of getting to know at least one of the bank's officers and they have their Personal Financial Statement on file with him.

When they need money to buy a car or take a vacation, they borrow it from the bank, leaving their savings account intact and growing. Having this savings account assures them favorable treatment in getting a loan. *Paying it back* as promised enhances their credit reputation. (The low rate that Full Service banks offer on loans usually far overshadows the sometimes slightly

lower rate of interest paid on savings.) What's more important, they are building their reputation for the time when they might need a sizeable loan—for buying a home, sending the kids to college, taking advantage of a new business opportunity.

Get to know your banker before you need him!

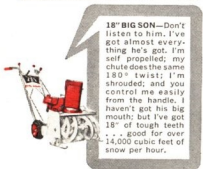
If your money affairs are scattered all over town, take advantage of the one-stop benefits of a Full Service commercial bank. Let your checking and savings accounts be an introduction to the partnership benefits of a Full Service commercial bank. There *is* a difference between a Full Service bank and all those other "banks." It will profit you to put that difference to work for you. The sooner the better.



Your Full Service
Commercial Bank



20" BIG DAD — I'm the heavyweight of the family, because I eat more... up to 20" of even packed, crusted snow. I chew it up and spit over 18,000 cubic feet per hour right to the spot. See my chute? It revolves 90° left or right with a touch of that big fist-grip control. My big 4½ HP engine is winterized... completely shrouded... with a float feed carburetor that won't freeze up. And my deep tread tires really grrrrrip. I'm big with the boys at the parking lot too.



15" SMALL SON I haven't got my dad's mouth or my brother's twist, but I do my share... and with your guidance... yours too!



Look the whole family over at your Moto-Mower Dealer today.



MOTO-MOWER, INC.
Richmond, Indiana
A Subsidiary of the DC Dura Corporation

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Long Day's Journey into Night. The greatest and most personal of Eugene O'Neill's plays has been respectfully translated by Director Sidney Lumet and a capable cast (Katharine Hepburn, Sir Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards Jr., Dean Stockwell) into one of the year's finest films: a fearsome examination of the terrible things people do to each other in the name of love.

Gigot. A nice sentimental comedy in which Jackie Gleason plays a Parisian janitor and looks like an overweight hippopotamus impersonating the poor little match girl.

Barabbas. A religious spectacle that is also something of a religious experience: Pär Lagerkvist's novel about the man who went free when Christ went to the Cross has been dramatized with spiritual insight by Christopher Fry, and is played with crude vigor by Anthony Quinn.

Divorce—Italian Style. A murderously funny study of what happens when a marriage breaks up in Italy—it doesn't go pffftt, it goes rat-tat-tat. Marcello Mastroianni is hilarious as the husband, a tin-typical Sicilian smoothie.

The Island. A Japanese movie that means to be great: the story, told without words, of the hard but beautiful life a poor farmer and his family lead on an isolated island in Japan's Inland Sea.

Yojimbo. A Japanese movie that really is great: a work by Akira (*Rashomon*) Kurosawa that seems no more than a bloody and hilarious parody of a Hollywood western but develops into a satire that can stand with the bestiest and best of Bertolt Brecht.

Guns of Darkness. A routine bit of banality, about a Central American revolution, that surprisingly develops into a philosophical thriller.

The Girl with the Golden Eyes. A young French director named Jean-Gabriel Albicocco has turned Balzac's dated daydream of Sapphic sensuality into an updated, unregenerate nightmare.

TELEVISION

Wed., Oct. 17

Campaign '62 (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.).^a A look at the progress of various political campaigns, with ten CBS correspondents reporting from hither and yon.

The Eleventh Hour (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Wendell Corey is a convincing psychiatrist in this new series, which tonight involves a man who wants to have his wife psychiatrically examined prior to a court hearing over custody of their child.

Fri., Oct. 19

The Gallant Men (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A reasonably good war show set in Italy in 1943.

The Jack Paar Program (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Among Jack's guests: Gordon and Sheila MacRae.

Eyewitness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The top news story of the week.

Sat., Oct. 20

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC,

^a All times E.D.T.

9-11 p.m.). Marilyn Monroe and Robert Mitchum in *River of No Return*.

Sun., Oct. 21

Lamp Unto My Feet (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). Opening ceremonies of the Ecumenical Council at the Vatican, with reports, discussions, interviews.

Look Up and Live (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). Man's fate in four episodes from *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A study of the modern U.S. Marine Corps. Repeat.

Bell Telephone Hour (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Tonight: Robert Goulet, Barbara Cook, Carla Fracci, Eric Bruhn, Martyn Green, Cyril Ritchard, and Claudio Arrau.

Mon., Oct. 22

The Lucy Show (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Lucy clowns about with a \$2,000 check in her new series, which does fine without Desi.

Stoney Burke (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). An interesting new series about life under the stands at the rodeo.

THEATER

The Affair. Faithfully adapted by Ronald Millar from the novel by C. P. Snow, this play scrupulously tracks justice through a fair of university dons. Intellectually sprightly and impeccably acted, *The Affair* offers playwrights the added pleasure of hearing literate English spoken with grace and precision.

A Man's Man, by Bertolt Brecht. This Eric Bentley adaptation of a 1926 play by the late great German playwright uncannily prefigures the process of brainwashing. Amid chalky white masks, silent-movie captions, and honky-tonk pianos, a sardonic 20th century dirge is sounded for the death of the individual.

With the new season getting off to a sluggish start several holdovers of distinction still dominate the Broadway scene. The New York Drama Critics Circle's best-foreign-play prizewinner, **A Man for All Seasons**, probes the mind, heart and faith of Sir Thomas More, who chose to lose his life rather than his soul. Emlin Williams portrays the hero-martyr. **A Thousand Clowns**, freshly and resourcefully comic, stars Jason Robards Jr. as a man who tries to grope his way out of groupthink toward the good life. Barbara Bel Geddes delivers Jean Kerr's subcutaneous witticisms with flair in her rebuttal **Mary**.

Musicals are often the bane and sometimes the boon of Broadway's existence. The coursing humor of Abe Burrows and the kinetic energy of Robert Morse's performance help to make **How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying** one of those rare musically triumphs of form over formula. The belly laugh is the convulsive vogue at **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**, where Zero Mostel, lewdly assisted by clowns and houis, is pillaging the comic genius of Plautus to vulgar and insane perfection.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Say Nothing, by James Hanley. In a novel written almost entirely in jagged-

edged monosyllables, three guilt-ridden people in the north of England turn life into death by endlessly punishing one another.

The Kindly Ones, by Anthony Powell. A collection of British eccentrics, many of them familiar from the author's earlier novels, adjust fumblingly to the stern demands of World War II in this comic opera of a novel.

A Company of Heroes, by Dale Van Every. An absorbing account of the most savage and perhaps least-known side of the Revolutionary War—the long blood feud between settlers and Indians on the Western frontier.

Images of Truth, by Glenway Wescott. The author, one of the U.S.'s best non-writing novelists (he wrote *The Pilgrim Hawk*), ends a long silence with a fine if critical collection of portraits of fellow authors—Katherine Anne Porter, Isak Dinesen, Thomas Mann and others.

Morte d'Urban, by J. F. Powers. A gently satirical novel about the surprisingly secular problems of a fund-raising Roman Catholic priest, written with fondness and perception but, the Lord be thanked, not a trace of cuteness.

The Climb Up to Hell, by Jack Olsen. The north face of Switzerland's Eiger (Ogre) Mountain is perhaps the most suicidal climb in the Alps, and the author's account of four ill-equipped men who tried to climb it in 1957 is thoughtful and exciting.

Letters from the Earth, by Mark Twain. These savage, scatologically irreverent papers, long suppressed by Twain's daughter, were a product of the deep melancholy of the humorist's old age.

We Have Always Lived in the Castle, by Shirley Jackson. An exquisitely subtle look at a household containing a lunatic, a poisoner and a pyromaniac, by an author who specializes in making light of the macabre.

The Death of the Adversary, by Hans Keilson. Hate has never been so exhaustively and eloquently explored as in this novel about a dictator and his victim.

The Blue Nile, by Alan Moorehead. Like its predecessor, *The White Nile*, this account of war and trade along the great river is a rich pageant of scenes and characters.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (1, last week)
2. *A Shade of Difference*, Drury (7)
3. *Dearly Beloved*, Lindbergh (2)
4. *The Prize*, Wallace (4)
5. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (6)
6. *Youngblood Hawke*, Wouk (3)
7. *Another Country*, Baldwin (5)
8. *The Reivers*, Faulkner (8)
9. *The Thin Red Line*, Jones
10. *Uhuru*, Ruark (9)

NONFICTION

1. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (2)
2. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (3)
3. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (1)
4. *Silent Spring*, Carson
5. *Sex and the Single Girl*, Brown (7)
6. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson (4)
7. *Who's in Charge Here?*, Gardner (6)
8. *The Blue Nile*, Moorehead (5)
9. *Final Verdict*, St. Johns (10)
10. *JFK Coloring Book*, Kannon and Roman

What do they have in common?



the uncommon motor oil!

These two people are obviously different in many respects—but they *do* have one thing in common . . . they care about the motor oil they use. That means they demand the *finest*—and get it—in WOLF'S HEAD. The uncommon quality of WOLF'S HEAD results from the fact it is 100% Pure Pennsylvania, Tri-Ex refined three important extra steps for maximum lubricating efficiency, and scientifically fortified to clean as it lubricates. Give your car the finest engine protection money can buy—insist on WOLF'S HEAD, "finest of the fine" premium quality motor oils.



WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., OIL CITY, PA.



THE GREAT Convention-Vacation LOCATION

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America's All-Season Vacation Land. Now, America's most desired Convention Land! With 1,000 new innovations, the new Convention Center will make your convention look, work and produce better. Proved by 441 conventions.

Get More Done—then Have More Fun!

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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA



big business-getter: The Michaels-Stern suit in Courier Cloth

This suit knows where it's going. Straight to the top. Everything about it breeds success. Its classic executive-suite tailoring. Its unusually luxurious fabric. A pure wool worsted with a silky, strokable touch. It's the suit that retains the new-suit feeling

for a much longer time. It builds your ego around the conference table; meets V.I.P.'s with well-dressed assurance. In the colors and patterns of success. \$75*. For nearest store, write: Michaels-Stern, Department T, Box 480, Rochester 2, N.Y.

AUSTRALIAN AFFILIATE: HARTFORD CLOTHING LTD., MELBOURNE



*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

LETTERS

The Persuaders

Sir: As a copywriter may I thank you for your article on advertising, "The Visible Persuaders" [Oct. 12]. For ten years my family and relatives have been wondering what the hell I'm up to.

BOB DOOLITTLE

New York City

Sir:

Penetrating, valid and well written.

DAVID OGILVY

Chairman

Ogilvy, Benson & Mather Inc.

New York City

Sir:

You refer to research as the "occult art of head-candleing." This statement does not make it any easier to win acceptance among client and agency executives for a fact-based method of carrying on work long since accepted by other business enterprises.

ALBRO MARTIN

Account Research Manager

J. Walter Thompson Co.

New York City

Sir:

I feel strongly that the ad industry as a whole has done much to give the American people a false and distorted sense of values. It is all-encompassing, like a poison gas that permeates the atmosphere, no matter how diligently one may try to escape.

I admit the self-made necessity of advertising in our economy, and cannot help wishing that all these brilliant minds were concerned less with making the gullible public want things they don't need, and more with true, constructive goals.

(MRS.) LAURA S. RUEKBERG

Park Forest, Ill.

Sir:

A fair and factual report on the industry. If it deserves any criticism at all, it is the failure to mention the amount of work done by volunteer agencies for the Advertising Council on such public-service campaigns as Smokey the Bear, savings bonds, college education and many others.

R. W. GRAHAM

Partner

Gray & Rogers

Philadelphia

Sir:

Congratulations, TIME. Your piece on advertising says it all. It should be prescribed reading for every board room in America.

WALKER Y. BROOKS

Executive Vice President

The McCarty Co.

Los Angeles

Sir:

A thorough, objective investigation that should not only provide material for introspection by the advertisers, but also supply criteria and facts for examination by critics of their charges against the art of mass persuasion.

RAYMOND D. HEHMAN

Ensign, U.S.N.

Navy Supply Corps School

Athens, Ga.

Catholics Convene

Sir:

Thank you for your article on the Vatican Council [Oct. 5]. I am a member of a Presbyterian Church, and I have little knowledge

concerning Catholicism, so I enjoyed learning about many phases of the Catholic world: past councils, Pope John XXIII and the present Vatican Council.

Your outlining of the topics which are to be brought before the council proved to be very interesting, and the background of these issues was especially helpful.

MILES MCKEE

Grosse Pointe Park, Mich.

Sir:

Every religion class in my school is using this article when covering the council's main objectives and aspirations.

PETER SANTULLI

St. Mary's High School

Manhasset, N.Y.

Sir:

In answer to the letter from Betty Hanson [Oct. 12], Catholics believe that the Pope is infallible only when he speaks to us in his capacity as head of the church in regard to matters of faith and morals.

Of course, it is possible that his words may need editing before being printed. Which of us has never used an ungrammatical word or phrase, or written an awkward sentence?

CATHERINE RONDINELLI

Milwaukee

The Sound and the Fury

I must take exception to the remark that the Ole Miss faculty "timidly failed to make any serious effort to quiet down the students [Oct. 12]."

While I admit that in certain respects we could have done much more, during the week before the riot as the crisis was mounting, many faculty members took much class time to talk to our students of the necessity for calm and respect for law and order. The week after the riot, we intensified our efforts to impress on our students the fact that (as the University A.A.U.P. chapter put it) "riots, weapons, and agitators have no place at a university."

Some of the faculty even moved among the students on that fateful Sunday and tried hard to persuade them and the horde of "outsiders" to disperse.

JOSEPH O. BAYLEN

Professor of History

University of Mississippi

Oxford, Miss.

Sir:

Re your remark that the University of Mississippi is "cheerfully unintellectual": Ole Miss ranks second in the South in turning out Rhodes scholars, ranks above the nation-

al average in faculty Ph.D.s, and our distinguished chancellor, John D. Williams, has been honored over the past few years by the presidency of the American Association of College and University Administrators.

BILL SETH, '63

JOHN GEISLER, '64

MARTY COOK, '66

University of Mississippi

Oxford, Miss.

Sir:

The recent incident in Mississippi once again shows the defects inherent in the Southern system of education. A university, dedicated to the broadening of minds and destruction of ignorance, has succeeded in destroying an already weakened image of Dixie higher education.

The student body of Ole Miss should hang their heads in shame for their part in the fiasco. Apparently saturation with higher education hasn't dented their archaic ignorance. Ole Miss, old indeed, isn't it?

KENNETH GERLACH

University of Maryland

College Park, Md.

No Red

Sir:

Your story on the British colony of Aden [Oct. 5] described Abdullah Asnag, secretary of the Aden Trades Union Congress, as "Red-lining," a shorthand phrase which I take to mean that Mr. Asnag is a Communist or a fellow traveler or a follower of the Communist Party line.

The staunchly antitotalitarian, anti-Communist International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, with which the Aden T.U.C. is affiliated, in July supported the complaint of the Aden T.U.C. against British policy in the area, a complaint which was also supported by the British T.U.C.

His fellow trade unionists in the I.C.F.T.U. have found Mr. Asnag is an outstanding labor leader about whom the British government may be unhappy, but there is a large difference between fighting the colonial policies of the British government and being a "Red-lining" unionist.

IRVING BROWN

Director

I.C.F.T.U.

New York City

Views of Manhattan

Sir:

As a native New Yorker I applaud your article [Sept. 28] for its excellent portrayal of New York as a vibrant, growing and, in many respects, beautiful city.

In regard to the quality of the new buildings, as an architectural student I can only add that their similarity in looks is but a

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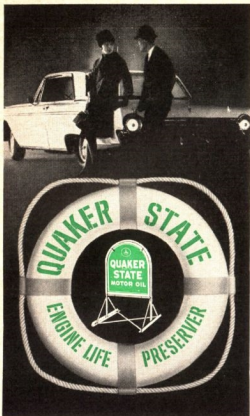
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reflection of their similarity in function. To have them otherwise would be an architectural mistake.

GERALD GURLAND
Scheveningen, The Netherlands

Sir:

With minor reservations, you seem to find some virtue in New York's "uncoordinated" development. What you are describing in fact, to use Lewis Mumford's phrase, is "solidified chaos." What pride or comfort you can take from a city that is totally out of control, and almost completely in the hands of venal speculators and banal bureaucrats, I can't fathom.

Why, for example, on adjacent corners could not corporations such as TIME Inc., Equitable Life, CBS, and the Rockefeller Center, create a truly stirring civic space?

This was accomplished during the '60s in the original design of Rockefeller Center. We have steadily degenerated since that time, and until we start trying to find the basic causes of that degeneration, and take bold action to rectify the situation, we shall remain in the laissez-faire jungle that is the real New York.

ALLAN TEMKO
London

Sir:

Your statement that the Americana Hotel is the world's tallest is incorrect. It is actually the fifth tallest hotel.

The Waldorf-Astoria still claims the title at 625 ft. The Sherry-Netherland is second at 560 ft., and the Ritz Tower Hotel comes next at 540 ft. The Hotel Pierre is 525 ft., and the Americana is 501 ft.

HOWARD CONNOR JR.
General Manager
Ritz Tower
New York City

► Right. The Americana bases its claim on having more stories (50) than any other hotel.—Ed.

Sir:

My wife and I both read this article, and we want to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for bringing us up to date on the latest changes in our home town. We have been away from the world's greatest city for 2½ years, and your article was the next best thing to actually being there seeing these changes taking place.

PHILIP V. LELLE JR.
Madrid

Channel Time

Sir:

We at ABC are constant readers of TIME, and of course we read your Show Business pages with particular interest. The Oct. 12 issue is likely to confuse your readers who might be searching the wrong channels for certain television programs.

To set the record straight, ABC is the network on which *The Jetsons* and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* are broadcast. *The Beverly Hillbillies* is on another network.

MICHAEL J. FOSTER
Vice President
American Broadcasting Co.
New York City

Norway & Cuba

Sir:

In TIME of Oct. 5, you state that the Norwegians have "remained deaf to U.S. pleas" to stop "shipping Communist cargoes to Cuba."

On Sept. 13 the Norwegian Shipowners' Association stated that no Norwegian ships

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when you want the best of this

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you really want this

You're right to want pima. This extra long staple cotton is softer, silkier, more lustrous. But when you want the best of pima you really want SuPima.

SuPima fabrics are made of super-strong, extra long staple cotton scientifically grown in Arizona, Texas and New Mexico. This *superior pima* is grown from special seed developed after years of research by agricultural geneticists. It is *quality controlled*. It is *pedigreed*. You don't guess at its origin. You *know* its origin and its heritage. You know too, that the quality of SuPima is consistently high—made from cotton grown in the same regions, under the same conditions, of seeds that are constantly improved.

When you specify SuPima you know precisely what you're going to get—the best of pima, the best of this softer, silkier, more lustrous extra long staple cotton. And you know that SuPima wearing apparel is made from super-strong cotton grown exclusively in our own southwest.

Only certified fabrics made of this special cotton earn the right to carry the SuPima label. It's a badge of quality, a signature of dependability.

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*Slightly higher in the West.

had carried military equipment to Cuba. Furthermore, on Oct. 1 it pointed out that the very few calls made at Cuba by Norwegian ships had in most cases been dictated by those who had chartered the ships and not by the Norwegian shipowners. In a letter of the same day addressed to its members, "the Norwegian Shipowners' Association requests its members to the extent possible to take steps to secure that their ships will not be employed in transportation of goods to and from Cuba."

OLAF MALTERUD

Norwegian Shipowners' Association
Oslo

Note for the Record

Sir:

Re your article on Marcello Mastroianni [Oct. 5]: *La Nottè* was made by Michelangelo Antonioni, not Luchino Visconti.

MEL STUART

Hollywood

Tribal Art

Sir:

As a Nigerian, let me congratulate *TIME* for its excellent and unbiased reporting about African art [Sept. 28].

Those figures in bronze, clay or wood often speak more than the "experts" can understand, and perhaps only the African can feel, in depth, their silent communion.

IFEANYI MENKITI

Pomona College
Claremont, Calif.

Sir:

Is it not possible for your magazine to report on any subject African without resorting to racialism in reverse? Even the current display of "African" art here? Is it an indication of color prejudice to believe that Renaissance art possesses a beauty lacking in the primitive and basic art of Africa?

Please excuse me for being white and domiciled in Africa.

P. J. HUGHES

Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia

Sir:

I protest your statement implying destruction of African sculptures because of the "iconoclasm of Christian missionaries."

Through 20 years as an educational missionary in Africa, I have never known one instance of missionary idol-smashing. Instead I can attest first-hand a long record of missionary scholars who have reduced African languages to writing, collected and preserved African fables, proverbs, songs, art objects and missionary teachers who encourage young Africans to perpetuate their ancient arts.

MRS. WILLIAM F. PRUITT

American Presbyterian Congo Mission
Lulabourg, Republic of Congo

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to *TIME & LIFE* Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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How a new window idea produced a beautiful new shape for cars



Here is a roof with a reason. In fact, six reasons. The rear window opens for breezeway ventilation. It stays clearer in rain or snow (notice how it's recessed, slants inward). The rear seat is shaded, rear headroom increased, rear-view visibility improved. The sixth reason? Distinction that is Monterey's alone.



**'63 MERCURY
MONTEREY**

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THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS Millions for Tribute?

At Miami's International Airport, a stocky, white-haired man wearily faced newsmen. New York Lawyer James B. Donovan was just back from Havana, but he could offer only the haziest account of his effort to ransom 1,113 Cuban prisoners captured by Castro after the collapse of the Bay of Pigs invasion in April 1961. "The negotiations haven't broken down," said Donovan. "There are simply some points that must be resolved." He had made "concrete offers" to Castro, and "now we must await resolutions"—meaning wait for Castro's next move.

What had he offered Castro? Drugs, medicines and baby foods, said Donovan. "Not one dollar in cash is involved." What was the total dollar value of the package? Donovan declined to say. How much of the ransom was being put up by the U.S. Government? Said Donovan: "The U.S. Government has absolutely no part in these negotiations."

A Grim Occasion. It was a grim occasion for Negotiator Donovan. His bursitis was paining him, and he was terribly tired. When he stood up at the end of the press conference, he wobbled so alarmingly that policemen hurried to his aid. He had spent eight nerve-grating days waiting around in Havana. Castro had deigned to see him only twice, behaving with the assurance of a blackmailer in a society with no law against blackmail.

It was also a grim occasion for the U.S., which somehow found itself offering ransom to the uncouth Communist dictator



NEGOTIATOR DONOVAN
A grotesquely awkward posture.

of an impoverished island less than 100 miles from Florida. That was a grotesquely awkward posture for a nation that cherishes "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute" as one of its proud historical utterances.⁸ The ransom negotiations were all the more embarrassing at a time when the U.S. was pressing other nations to halt shipments to Cuba.

Donovan's mission was made all the more unseemly by other events that took place last week. At the U.N., Cuba's President Osvaldo Dorticos spied forth a ranting attack, accusing the U.S. of "aggressive hysteria" and "hunger for domination." In Havana, Castro made a chest-thumping speech gibing at U.S. fears that an attack on Cuba will lead to nuclear war with Russia. And in the U.S. Congress, New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating said that U.S. intelligence had detected six additional missile sites under construction in Cuba. The Administration, charged Keating, was keeping the U.S. public "in the dark" about the Russian buildup in Cuba.

"Amiable Fiction." Against this background, Donovan's mission to Havana would have seemed dubious even if it had been an open, honest attempt by the

U.S. Government to ransom the Bay of Pigs prisoners. But it was neither open nor honest. The Administration put up a strained pretense that Donovan was negotiating as a private citizen on behalf of an organization called the Cuban Families Committee for Liberation of Prisoners of War. Assistant Secretary of State Edwin M. Martin flatly declared that Donovan "has no connection with the Administration." The Justice Department admitted that Donovan had conferred with Attorney General Kennedy several times, but insisted that the visits were merely "courtesy calls."

This insistence drew some sharp journalistic fire. The New York Times's James Reston charged that the Administration merely "added to the confusion about Cuba" by disclaiming any connection with Donovan's mission. Liberal Washington Columnist William V. Shannon wrote that the "amiable fiction" about the prisoner negotiations is wrong on two counts: 1) the President of the U.S. "ought not to be a party to practicing a deception on the people and the Congress," and 2) "this kind of secret will not keep, and its disclosure is always embarrassing."

Project X. Once before, President Kennedy had tried to make an Administration-sponsored ransom attempt look like a private undertaking. Shortly after



BURKE JENKINS JR.—HEARST HEADLINE SERVICE
"Now, What Am I Bid?"



⁸ It was voiced in 1798 by Robert Goodloe Harper, U.S. Congressman from South Carolina, in reference to French demands that the U.S. pay a sort of indemnity for signing an amicable treaty with France's enemy, Britain.

the Bay of Pigs disaster, Castro offered to trade the prisoners for 500 tractors. At the behind-the-scenes urging of the President, a group of prominent U.S. citizens formed a committee to raise money to buy tractors for Castro. The deal collapsed when Castro demanded heavy, tank-tread tractors costing several times as much as the wheeled farm tractors the committee had planned to deliver to him.

The outcome was a great relief to the many Americans who found the deal repugnant. But President Kennedy was dis-

appointed. The prisoners weighed on his conscience: they had undertaken their invasion under his sponsorship, and his decision not to support them with U.S. air cover doomed whatever prospects for success they might have had. So the President undertook a second ransom effort, with less fanfare, working through the Cuban Families Committee—"Project X," the White House called it.

What made the Administration's involvement so obvious was the glaring disparity between the size of Castro's de-

mands and the resources of the Families Committee. Castro's last publicly announced price tag on the prisoners' freedom was \$62 million, which works out to more than \$50,000 per prisoner. He is now demanding drugs and other goods worth a comparable amount at Cuban prices. The Kennedy Administration has been pressuring U.S. drug manufacturers to supply wares for the ransom package at nonprofit prices, but even so the total cost will run to millions of dollars. The Families Committee obviously can supply only a pittance fraction of the money. The unavoidable conclusion is that much or most of the ransom money is going to come from the U.S. taxpayers by the way of the President's contingency fund or some other lightly audited channel.

Once that conclusion sank in on Capitol Hill, members of Congress erupted with cries of anger and protest. On the floor of the Senate, Mississippi Democrat John Stennis and Delaware Republican John J. Williams declared themselves opposed to the use of any federal funds to meet Castro's demands. Four Congressmen sent the President telegrams demanding to know where the money was going to come from. In a floor speech, Florida's Republican Congressman William C. Cramer said that "this whole deal smells."

Conflict of Roles. An extra complication was the fact that Negotiator Donovan is the Democratic candidate for U.S. Senator from New York against Republican Incumbent Jacob Javits. He therefore has a big, personal political stake in the outcome. Even the pro-Kennedy Washington Post voiced editorial misgivings about Donovan's "conflict of roles." Said the Post: "Suppose the Cubans are freed before the election. The suspicion will exist, fairly or not, that the United States has paid a bribe to the Castro regime at least in part to help publicize a candidate for office."

When Donovan arrived in Miami last week, gathered to meet him were many of the relatives and friends of the Bay of Pigs prisoners. They had been hoping against hope for months. Now, some of the prisoners' wives wore yellow dresses—in symbolic reply to the yellow prison shirts that Castro had forced their husbands to wear in an attempt to brand them as cowards. When Donovan came back empty-handed, the Cubans drifted slowly away.

But many other Cuban exiles, particularly those who had no close kinfolks among the prisoners, were bitterly opposed to the ransom negotiations. Said an exile leader in Puerto Rico: "Cubans are demoralized because they fear that the U.S. Government is behind the ransom deal. It means that the U.S. does not plan to do anything to rescue these prisoners except pay money. It means that the U.S. will rescue a few Cubans, but not the whole Cuban people." Warned a Cuban exile living in Washington: "If the U.S. pays the ransom, the people of Cuba and all the rest of Latin America will recognize that your Government is willing to accept Communism in Cuba. This is a tragedy."

KENNEDY'S MAN IN HAVANA

Experience in Dark Corners

WHEN James Britt Donovan finished college, he asked his father to buy him a newspaper. That request was typical of Donovan's positive-thinking approach to life. At New York's Fordham University, where his classmates voted him "best all-round man," he had prepared for a career in journalism, and it seemed sensible to start out as owner-editor-publisher of his own newspaper rather than as a cub reporter on somebody else's. His father, a high-fee New York surgeon, agreed to buy his son a newspaper, but he laid down a condition: James would have to get a law degree first.

At Harvard Law School, Donovan changed his mind about his future. And as a lawyer he has prospered splendidly. He can afford the rich man's hobby of collecting rare books and manuscripts. He can also afford to leave his practice now and then for spells of public service as an operator in international dark corners—a specialty that traces back to his wartime service as legal counsel to "Wild Bill" Donovan (no kin), head of the cloak-and-dagger Office of Strategic Services. After the war, Donovan served on the U.S. legal staff at the war-crime trials in Nuremberg, later helped draft the legislation setting up the Central Intelligence Agency.

Donovan came to public attention in 1957 as the defense lawyer for Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, who in the guise of a struggling artist had masterminded a Russian spy ring from a studio in Brooklyn. Donovan did not seek the task—it was assigned to him by the court on the recommendation of a Bar Association committee. But once he took it on, he defended Abel with skill and dedication. He carried the defense to the Supreme Court, succeeded in getting Abel a fairly gentle sentence of 30 years' imprisonment. "In my time on this court," said Chief Justice Earl Warren, "no man has undertaken a more arduous and self-sacrificing task." In gratitude, Abel presented Donovan with one of his paintings. Donovan also received a

\$10,000 fee from somebody behind the Iron Curtain purporting to be Abel's wife. He donated the \$10,000 to Fordham, Harvard and Columbia.

Donovan paid an uncomfortable price for defending Abel. Abusive calls poured in upon him, and he had his phone disconnected. His four children were jeered at by their schoolmates. His own friends teased him about being pro-Red. "You get rather tired of it," he said. "At a recent dinner, it was good for 20 minutes of needling for me to ask the waiter to bring Russian dressing for my shrimp."

In arguing against the death penalty in the Abel case, Donovan made the point that some time in the future "an American of equivalent rank" might be taken prisoner by the Communists, and it might be useful to the U.S. to work out an "exchange of prisoners." That plea proved to be prophetic: in Berlin early this year, the Kennedy Administration released Abel to the Russians in exchange for captured U-2 Pilot Francis Gary Powers (TIME, Feb. 16). Negotiator of the deal: James B. Donovan. As in the current negotiations with Fidel Castro, Donovan played a murky ambiguous role. He was supposedly acting as an attorney for Abel's putative wife. But in effect he was serving as a Kennedy Administration agent.

In the apparent belief that these negotiations with Communists have appeal to voters, the Kennedy Administration last month backed Donovan, 46, as the Democratic choice to run for the U.S. Senate against Republican Incumbent Jacob Javits. Only a man as determinedly hopeful as Donovan would be willing to take on that sacrificial assignment. He said he was going to wage a "positive" campaign to make the voters of New York State "realize that their interests would be better served in the Senate by a Democrat working with President Kennedy." That is just about the only campaign statement Donovan has made so far. Almost ever since, he has been going to or from Havana.

THE CONGRESS

The Death of the 87th

Not since Little Eva had there been such a deathbed scene. The 87th Congress expired interminably, and in oratorical anguish. But at least and at last it died.

Countless times, the 87th seemed about to draw its last breath. At one point Senate Whip Hubert Humphrey definitely predicted a midweek adjournment. But Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield knew better. Asked about Humphrey's forecast, he simply sighed: "What week?" A newsman suggested to Mansfield that in Election Year 1962, a lot of members of Congress were by now praying for adjournment. Retorted Mansfield: "If I pray any more, I'm going to have housemaid's knee."

What had happened? It was quite simple. Every time the Democratic 87th got ready to die reasonably, a senior Democratic Solon demanded the right to take one last, long gasp.

Old Friends & Heavy Hearts. For a while, it was Florida's Democratic Senator George Smathers who held things up. Smathers boasts of his deep and abiding personal friendship with Jack Kennedy. But that relationship apparently does not extend to politics. As it happened, Smathers was the sponsor of a bill, passed overwhelmingly by both branches of Congress, that would permit self-employed people to take tax deductions on their own pension programs. President Kennedy did not like the bill, since it would mean an unscheduled loss of tax revenue. Smathers had a strong hunch that the President meant to let it die by pocket veto. But Smathers also knew that he had the votes to override any veto—so long as Congress stayed in session. He therefore fought a shrewd delaying action against adjournment—and Kennedy finally signed the measure.

Then there was Georgia's Democratic Senator Richard Russell. He was annoyed because the House had declined to approve several items in the Agriculture Department's appropriations bill that would have sent federal money to Georgia. He was particularly interested in a \$1,600,000 grant to set up a peanut research laboratory. Against the House's recalcitrance, Russell made an issue of Senate prerogatives. Cried he: "If the Senate has an ounce of self-respect, it will stay in session until Christmas, if it takes this to establish our position as a co-equal body in every respect." Russell finally announced that with "a heavy heart" he had given way on the peanut laboratory.

Old Bastards & Justice. Next came a scrap between Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Robert Kerr and Virginia's Democratic Representative Howard Smith, chairman of the Rules Committee. The Senate had added \$2 billion to the House-passed \$2.3 billion rivers and harbors bill—the traditional pork-barrel measure. Conservative Smith was having none of such nonsense, and Congress could not adjourn until he and Kerr, who championed the Senate action, reached some sort of un-

derstanding. Confided Kerr: "This is between two old bastards—Bob Kerr and Howard Smith. Smith is determined to maintain his position. I am determined to maintain mine." In the end, Kerr gave way.

Was that the end of it? No indeed. Missouri's cantankerous Democratic Representative Clarence Cannon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, had taken umbrage at the way the Senate had been upping his ante on a supplemental appropriations bill. Democratic leaders were desperate by this time. President Kennedy, off on the campaign trail, pleaded with Cannon by telephone; no dice. Democratic Whip Hale Boggs, emerging from a meeting, growled: "I feel like punching somebody in the nose." That bill was stymied, but Cannon was not through. When the final appropriations bill came to the House floor late last

POLITICS

J.F.K. on the Stump

There has never been anything quite like it. In a mid-term election campaign, the President of the U.S. is barnstorming the nation, looking, acting and sounding as though he himself were a candidate for county clerk.

Kennedy's basic decision to go all out was made months ago, when he realized that he would be blamed if Democrats suffered major losses this fall. Polls indicated that a major problem is Democratic apathy—less than 30% of Democrats, as against 43% of Republicans, figured they had any real reason to vote. That, at least, was something the President might do something about.

Once Again, with Feeling. Kennedy campaigns with all the trappings—brass bands, searchlights crisscrossing in the



REPRESENTATIVE MCCORMACK AND SENATOR MANSFIELD AT SESSION'S END
Somebody ought to be punched in the nose.

Friday night, Cannon pettishly demanded a quorum call. By this time, as Cannon well knew, there were scores of Representatives back home campaigning. There was no quorum, so the House had to meet again the next day.

On Saturday there was a House quorum, and the surly Representatives voted down Cannon's money-saving motions. That brought a furious floor blast from Cannon against the whole political atmosphere on the Hill. "Gentlemen," he roared, "justice is for barter and sale to the highest bidder. No one thinks about principle any more. They are ready to sell justice!" Then he proceeded to astonish his colleagues with direct, personal attacks on the leaders of his own party in the House, wound up with a withering slap at Speaker John McCormack. "I have sat under ten Speakers," roared Cannon. "I have never seen such biased and inept leadership!"

With Cannon's fiery admonishments ringing in their ears, the members quickly and at long last laid the 87th Congress to rest.

night, scores of motorcycle cops. It seems like 1960 all over again. His theme is certainly the same: the need "to get this country moving again." The Republican Party, he repeats, says no to "progress," the Democratic Party says yes. Kennedy seldom gets specific about such issues as Medicare and tax reform, but he quotes staccato statistics to show how G.O.P. minorities have blocked his programs: "Last year 81% of the Republicans in the House voted against the area redevelopment bill; 95% of the Republicans in the House voted against the Housing Act."

Last week a Baltimore crowd began to cheer at the sight of the first Secret Service helicopter over the trees. When Kennedy eventually landed, he needed only to smile to draw a swelling roar. The motorcade drove six miles through streets lined with what Baltimore police called the biggest political crowd in the city's history—the estimate was 175,000. In the Fifth Regiment Armory, on the site of the hall in which Woodrow Wilson was nominated in 1912, Kennedy was greeted by an honor guard of Negro R.O.T.C. cadets, a band



PHIL GREITZER—N.Y. DAILY NEWS

ROCKEFELLER & FRIEND AT MANHATTAN'S COLUMBUS DAY PARADE
Grandfather was now an Italian.

from St. Mary's School, and the Ladies Swiss Embroidery Workers.

While local politicians beamed on the platform, Kennedy gave the Republicans hell. "I am proud to come back to this city and state and ask your support in electing Democrats—those members of the House and Senate who support the minimum wage and medical care for the aged, and urban renewal, and cleaning our rivers, and giving security to our older people, and educating our children, and giving jobs to our workers. That is the issue of this campaign."

Meet the Press. In New York, one of the most dynamic campaigners in the U.S., did his best to bolster one of the most forlorn. Waiting for Kennedy, Democratic Gubernatorial Candidate Robert M. Morgenthau stood alone on the apron at La Guardia Airport. No one seemed to know the pleasant, introverted lawyer who has suddenly found himself thrust into a contest with Republican Nelson Rockefeller. An aide finally ushered Morgenthau over to meet the press, but the conversation soon suffered into silence, and the candidate went back to standing by himself and staring into space.

Kennedy tried hard. He greeted Morgenthau warmly, steered him toward the cameras, invited him into the presidential car. The next morning Kennedy popped over to Newark to attend a Columbus Day celebration, revealed to a heavily Italian crowd of 10,000 a campaign trick of his grandfather's, Boston's John F. ("Honey Fitz") Fitzgerald. "My grandfather always used to claim that the Fitzgeralds were descended from the Geraldinis, who came from Venice. I have never had the courage to make that claim, but I will make it on Columbus Day in this state of New Jersey."

Artful Elbows. Then Kennedy hustled back to Manhattan to watch a Columbus Day parade and to make another try at perking up Morgenthau. On the reviewing stand, Morgenthau shyly took his place next to Kennedy, only to be elbowed aside by the likes of Mayor Robert Wagner and Edward Dudley. Democratic candidate for state attorney general, until he

ended up four places away from the President. With Morgenthau forced out into leftfield, Kennedy leaned to his right and had an animated exchange with Republican Rockefeller.

Flying into Pennsylvania, Kennedy renewed his familiar pitch for an even more overwhelmingly Democratic Congress. There was, he said, a grave danger that "the 88th Congress will be in control of a dominant Republican [and] conservative-Democratic coalition that will defeat progress. And that is why I come here tonight and ask your help in electing a progressive Congress."

Looking Ahead. Then the President took off for Indianapolis and, although he did not identify him by name, a sharp attack on Indiana's Republican Senator Homer Capehart, who has been urging a blockade or even an invasion of Cuba. Said Kennedy: "This is no time for rash and irresponsible talk. This is the time for men who talk softly and carry a big stick." The President praised Democrat Birch E. Bayh Jr., Capehart's opponent in November, as a man who would never join "those self-appointed generals and admirals who want to send someone else's son to war."

And so, on to Louisville and an attempt to help Kentucky's Lieutenant Governor Wilson Wyatt in his fight against Republican Senator Thruston Morton. He planned to keep up this same headlong pace right up to Election Day. There remained some doubt about how much he was actually helping his party's assorted candidates—but he was certainly giving it that old Kennedy college try.

Ike on the Frontier

The Republicans do not have a present President to carry their campaign flag. But they do have a past President who ranks among history's great crowd pleasers—and last week ex-President Eisenhower was wowing them around the land with his denunciations of "the new—far-out—frontier."

Ike made a triumphant entrance into San Francisco—where 120,000 Californians jammed the sidewalks of the Montgomery Street financial district to give

him a roaring welcome. He was there to give Dick Nixon a boost in his campaign for Governor; if there was ever any doubt about Ike's enthusiasm for his Vice President, none remained after he spoke at a Cow Palace banquet. "Several months ago in Denmark," said Ike, "I observed that one of the biggest mistakes of my political career was not working harder for Dick Nixon in 1960. I urge all of you, and I urge all Californians, not to make the same mistake this year. Richard Nixon has served his country well. I have faith in the man. I endorse him 100%."

Reasonable Facsimile. Ike took his successor in the White House bitingly to task for demanding that the nation give him more men of his own party in Congress. In Los Angeles, Eisenhower pointed out that during six of his eight years as President he faced a Congress controlled by the opposition—and despite that handicap had run up a "much better record and performance" than Jack Kennedy has with a 3-to-2 majority in the House and a nearly 2-to-1 edge over the Republicans in the Senate. "What does he want?" Ike demanded. "One-party government?"

In Boise, Idaho, he told a group of Republican candidates: "One of my biggest concerns is that government be run by wisdom instead of by callow youth." Foreign crises like Korea, he said, were met "head-on with firmness, and they were solved." Guatemala was rescued from Communist domination. Wages, income and the gross national product went up; the rate of increase in the cost of living went down. "If this is not moving," said Ike dryly, "it is a reasonable facsimile thereof."

Brassy Words. In Denver, Eisenhower zeroed in on the New Frontiersmen with measured scorn. Said he: "For my part I am tired—terribly tired—of hearing America run down by them, of hearing their brassy and boastful words and watching their bumbling actions. The Washington record of these past 20 months presents a picture of political connivance instead of statesmanship, of selfish grabs for power instead of respect for our concepts of balance in government, of arrogant assertion of Washington infallibility instead of readiness to trust in the wisdom of the American people."

Ike was plainly pleased by his campaigning. On his way back East, he stopped off in Omaha to pay tribute to Fred Seaton, Secretary of the Interior in his Cabinet and now candidate for Governor of Nebraska in an increasingly close race with Democratic Incumbent Frank Morrison. What Kennedy needs in Congress, said Ike, is "a darned good influx of Republicans." What Nebraska needs, he added, is Fred Seaton as Governor—"the kind of Governor who will repel this assault on the rights of state and local government."

Last stop was Minneapolis, and there Dwight Eisenhower summed it up. "I have been on the hustings for one purpose only," he told 5,000 Minnesotans. "That is to try to tell people: take back your faith in yourselves. Don't let any one man make your decisions."

The Bitter Battle

(See Cover)

The Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania is a proudly emotional man. His right fist punches the air, a forefinger lashes out, his face flushes furiously beneath his silver hair. Philadelphia's former Mayor Richardson Dilworth, all atremble, stammers slightly and the savage words about his opponent spill out: "My family on both sides were here long before those robber barons of his showed up. His family sold out their interests in Lackawanna County and then moved out their money . . . This man who claims to be a gentleman . . . this Little Lord Fauntleroy . . . this Ivy League Dickie Nixon . . . this man who seeks on-the-job training."

The performance is genuine. But it is also calculated to enrage the Republican

The Place of Power. The Governor of Pennsylvania is probably the most powerful in the U.S. He has no fewer than 50,000 jobs to hand out. The result is a spoils system second to none. The army of state jobholders knows whom it is working for, and this makes for a built-in, self-perpetuating political machine. In presidential election years, that machine can be used both to throw vital convention votes and to deliver crucial electoral votes.

For decades, Pennsylvania's Republican Party held power, and manipulated the state bureaucracy to its own vast advantage. But the tide turned. Just ten years ago, Republicans held a registration advantage of 1,000,000; now Democrats are ahead by more than 200,000. Democrat George Leader served as Governor from 1955 to 1959; he was succeeded by Pittsburgh's Democratic Mayor David Lawrence. Until two years ago, Pennsylvania since the Civil War had voted for only one Democrat for President—that, of course, was F.D.R. But in 1960, under Lawrence, the state went for Kennedy over Nixon by 116,000 votes—and gave the winner 32 of the 84 electoral votes that he won by.

Unfortunately, all this political power has served Pennsylvania badly. And the Keystone State—all the way from the anthracite regions of the east, across the Allegheny Mountains to the steel mills of Pittsburgh in the west—is in desperate economic shape. Pennsylvania has some 350,000 unemployed. Of its 67 counties, 56 are designated by the Federal Government as depressed areas.

Since the Democrats took office in 1955, employment in the state's primary metals industries has dropped by 37,000. Hot-rolled iron and steel production slipped from 22.8 million tons in 1956 to 15.8 million last year. Bituminous coal production was at 72 million tons in 1954, skidded to 62 million last year. The state has 420,000 people on relief. In Pittsburgh, 9.4% of the labor market is unemployed; in Johnstown, more than 12% are idle.

Both Lawrence, who is not eligible to run again, and President Kennedy, who promised Pennsylvania much but has delivered little, are being widely blamed for these troubles. While Lawrence has done a creditable job of holding down the state budget, and showed a \$16.6 million surplus last year, he is catching much of the heat for upping the state's sales tax to 4%, which, with a stiff corporation tax, provides half the general revenue.

Room for Difference. It is against this background that Bill Scranton and Dick Dilworth are contesting each other for Governor. And as a result of this sorry story, they are battling with a bitterness rare even in Pennsylvania's turbulent political history.

Between the two, there is plenty of room for difference. At 64, Dilworth is a veteran Democratic politician who wears his New Deal-style liberalism on the sleeve of his double-breasted suit. Scranton, as a freshman Congressman, is a

relative newcomer to elective politics, and he is not in the least dogmatic about his views. Dilworth has been busily running for one public office or another for 15 years; Scranton has been tugged reluctantly into every public job he has ever held. Dilworth was a brilliant reformer who made a lot of enemies and is now harried by those hostilities within his own party. Scranton, fresh and unmarked, is backed by all Republican factions, despite their own fratricidal history.

Perhaps more than anything else, the difference is one of personality. Dilworth is basically a shy man. He feels and appears uncomfortable while partaking of that backslapping, handshaking routine that, curiously enough, has become increasingly important to political campaigning in this day of television. But put him behind a microphone on a formal platform, and Dilworth is second to no



RUSSELL C. HAMILTON

REPUBLICAN SCRANTON

"This crown prince of failure . . ."

candidate, to shatter the armored suit of imperturbability that has frustrated Dilworth as few things have before. In open debate, U.S. Representative William Scranton permits a thin smile to flicker across his face while his opponent heaps on abuse. Then he rises to reply—and that reply, despite its cool, deliberate cadence is whiplash in its bitterness against Dilworth. "We have got graft and corruption," he charges. "We have got it in Philadelphia, and we know what has not been done about it . . . He cries in front of the courtroom and on television to try and stop any kind of investigation . . . This crown prince of failure . . . who whined and cried and fought tooth and nail to protect the grafters and corruptors."

The use of such invective is a disappearing art in U.S. politics. This, to connoisseurs, is a pity. But it is being revived with a vengeance in Pennsylvania, where political partisanship runs deep and the stakes are immense.



DAVID H. MCCUEN

DEMOCRAT DILWORTH

"This Little Lord Fauntleroy . . ."

one as a slashing speaker. Now shouting, occasionally weeping, he can carry an audience along with him on rolling waves of emotion.

Scranton, on the other hand, thoroughly enjoys street-corner politicking. Thus, in a Reading paint plant, he recently scrambled up a wobbly ladder to shake hands with a worker on a 20-ft.-high scaffold, ignoring the open paint vats below. Said the surprised workman: "Nobody ever went this high for my vote." On the stump, Scranton is far less flamboyant and eloquent than Dilworth. But he is much more controlled. He has an analytical mind that travels fast to the major points.

And so, the campaign's savage exchanges stem in great part from Dilworth's proven ability to demoralize an opponent on the stump and bury him in a bluster of verbiage. Scranton simply means to stay cool, let Dilworth blurt himself into a fatal political blunder. In 1958 Dilworth made just such an error when he advo-



DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA
An outstanding record.

cated the admission of Red China into the United Nations—an issue that had nothing to do with the Democratic gubernatorial nomination he was then seeking. (He has since changed his mind.)

Dilworth's emotionalism is even the subject of jokes within his own party. Quips former Democratic Governor George Leader: "Nobody controls Dick Dilworth. Sometimes he can't even control himself." Dilworth, however, makes no apology for this facet of his personality. Says he: "I am emotional, and I'm damn proud of it. If it hadn't been for emotional men, Philadelphia wouldn't have moved in the last eleven years."

"Like Cutting Your Throat." Pennsylvania's economic ailments are a ready-made issue for a challenger, and Scranton is making the most of this issue. "The other states are getting ahead of us," he stresses in speech after speech. "They're getting ahead of us in their economy; they're growing faster; they have more jobs; their people are making more money. We are going behind and drifting. And it's all because the last administration has been handled on a power-politics basis and for political purposes primarily, and not as a service to the people, which is what government is supposed to be. They have, in the last seven years, doubled taxation in this state; they have doubled expenditures, and we certainly haven't doubled services."

Scranton is plugging a ten-point "program of recovery," which ranges from new state programs for community colleges, commuter transportation and middle-income housing to "unceasing effort to improve the industrial climate of Pennsylvania to entice more industries and thus more jobs." He promises that state agencies will help "eliminate corrupt city government in Philadelphia." On the touchy patronage issue, Scranton pledges that he will push to expand civil service. With characteristic bluntness he adds: "I don't

know of a single county leader in either party who shares my views on this." He maintains that he can save millions of dollars by administrative efficiency, steers very clear of talk about possible tax increases to finance his programs.

Similarly, Dilworth is too smart to mention specific increases, says candidly: "That would be like cutting your own throat." His main pitch has been to point to his own really outstanding record in revitalizing Philadelphia. He also fends off any ties to the Lawrence administration. "This state has been afflicted for years with miserable state governments," says Dilworth. "It's been the history of this state to load up the payroll with political hacks who got miserable salaries and stole the rest."

In their bloody battle, both Scranton and Dilworth tend to make each other out as the worst sort of political brigand. Yet neither is anything of the sort, and indeed they have much in common. Both have deep family roots in Pennsylvania. Both were born to wealth. Both are highly educated—and their training includes graduate degrees in the hard school of Pennsylvania politics. Finally, both Dilworth and Scranton are deeply concerned about their state's situation.

Diversify or Die. The Scrantons first came to the state in 1840, when two brothers built an iron foundry in the northeastern Wyoming Valley, turned out rails for the Erie Railroad. Their growing community became known as Scranton. The most prominent of the early Scrantons was Bill's great-grandfather, Joseph. He managed the foundry, started a spur that became the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, organized the Lackawanna Iron & Coal Co., founded a bank and headed the local gasworks and waterworks. The Scrantons grew wealthy, but not complacent. Bill's grandfather, William Walker, as early as 1873 was warning that the town must diversify or die.

Bill's father, Worthington, heeded the warning, made expansion of Scranton's industrial base his life's main work. He had helped create the Scranton Industrial Development Co. with his father (who contributed \$50,000) to attract new industry in 1914. After World War II he was the leading figure in developing the "Scranton Plan." Still widely copied, it is a self-help program in which a community buys or builds industrial facilities, then leases them to firms willing to move to the city. The plan eventually drew more than 50 plants and 10,000 new jobs to Scranton.

Summers at the Beach. Bill was born to Worthington and Marion Margery Scranton on July 19, 1917, in their beach home in Madison, Conn. He spent most of his boyhood summers there, overcoming an asthmatic condition by constant exercise in the sun. With his three older sisters,* he enjoyed a huge, century-old house at 300 Monroe Avenue in Scranton, later moved into a great stone mansion on a



DOWNTOWN SCRANTON
An attack on complacency.

hill in suburban Dalton, complete with indoor swimming pool. Father Scranton tended to business and did right well: he and his partners sold the gas and water firm for \$18 million in 1928.

But Mother was the political personage in the family. She first picketed for women's suffrage—and took full advantage of it when it came. For more than 20 years she was the dominant woman in Pennsylvania Republican politics and one of the grande dames of the national G.O.P. Always wearing the latest fashions set off with orchids and diamonds, she was affectionately known as "The Duchess." And she liked her politics as up to date as her clothes. "As a party," she told Republicans in 1940, "we've got to be more modern. The party needs a new dress. I don't wear last year's dress when I want to feel fashionable."

Ahead of Her Time. The Duchess was an internationalist even before it was fashionable. She warned in the 1920s that the U.S. would have to fight Germany again. She was Pennsylvania National Committeewoman from 1928 until 1951, vice chairman of the National Committee from 1940 until 1944, and official hostess to the 1940 and 1948 National Republican Conventions in Philadelphia. She was a supporter, before convention time, of Wendell Willkie, Thomas Dewey, Dwight Eisenhower.

For young Bill, politics thus became a personal thing. By the age of nine, he was taking his mother's political calls, knew the names of the county chairmen. He also learned something that he finds handy today: "My parents taught me the necessity of organization. No matter what you might like to do, you can't win elections without it."

After the proper prep schools (Fessenden and Hotchkiss), Scranton majored in history at Yale. There, as a columnist for the Yale Daily News, he commented confidently on most of the world's great prob-

* Now Mrs. Albert G. Isaacs Jr. of Dalton, Pa.; Mrs. Hendrik M. Rozendaal of Schenectady, N.Y.; and Mrs. James A. Linen of Greenwich, Conn., wife of the president of Time Inc.

lems, demonstrated his penchant for plain talk. "A hick from Vermont has been raising a lot of comment lately," he wrote. "Governor Aiken [now a Republican Senator] is obviously a perfectly good second-rate politician who thinks he ought to get the publicity of a first-rate one and is getting it through sensational but ridiculous statements."

In these years, shortly before World War II, Scranton dated Jack Kennedy's sister Kathleen, whom he sometimes visited at Hyannisport. There he met Jack, liked him, found him "quiet and diffident." In Scranton's mind, however, no one matched Mary Chamberlin, a vivacious, charming girl he had long known back home in Scranton. They were married in 1942 when he was in the Army Air Forces.

Upside Down. Scranton had earned a private pilot's license before the war, by getting up mornings at 4:30 to take lessons in Piper Cubs. Despite this advantage, he barely survived his Army Air Forces training. Flying blithely alone over Georgia one warm day, he unfastened his safety belt, slipped off his parachute and shirt to bask in the warm sun. Absentmindedly, he slipped his trainer into a slow roll with the cockpit open—and had to hang on by his elbows and knees to keep from falling out. As an Air Transport Command pilot, he flew such VIPs as General George Marshall and Senator Harry Truman on defense missions. He later ferried combat planes from Brazil and North Africa into fighting areas.

Back in Scranton after getting his Yale law degree in 1946, he continued his father's crusade to stave off industrial decline. Even before graduation, he had publicly assailed local bankers for building "a monument to myopia" by their hesitancy to join a drive to keep a defense plant in town. Traveling for the local chamber of commerce, he helped land a \$500,000 Trane Co. plant, a \$500,000 Maxson Electronics Corp.

branch and a \$1,000,000 Chrysler facility for the city.

He also became a skilled troubleshooter for alling local firms, nursing them back to health with deft management. In so doing, he also helped himself, adding to his sizable estate. With the inheritances from his parents, Scranton estimates that he is now worth around \$8,000,000.

Persistent Calls. Scranton's reputation began spreading beyond his own Lackawanna County. And in 1959, he got the first of a series of calls that were to sharply reshape his career. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was seeking a press aide. Would Scranton be interested? No, he would not. But he did agree to discuss the offer with Dulles—and the skilled old international lawyer was too persuasive to be denied. Scranton took the job, briefed the press for Dulles, made foreign policy speeches, attended international conferences.

When Dulles, fatally ill, resigned, he recommended Scranton to his successor, Christian Herter. Herter expanded the job, made Scranton his office manager and liaison man with the White House and Cabinet. Herter's appraisal: "I have never seen anyone grasp with greater rapidity not only the factual details but the implications in the many knotty problems which come to this office."

The next call came early in 1960, from Republican leaders of Scranton's Tenth Congressional District. They were desperate. It was a heavily Democratic area, represented in the House by one Stanley Prokop. In the coal areas surrounding Scranton there was dismal unemployment—and the area sorely needed a Congressman who might be able to do something about it. Would Scranton run? The answer was no. Scranton said he had plenty to do at the State Department, and had come to like the work there. But all the district's G.O.P. chairmen, normally a quarrelsome lot, agreed that they

wanted him, and Scranton finally gave in.

Scranton did not see how he could overturn the Democrats' 34,000 registration advantage. But he took to campaigning as though born to it. He charged about the district, invaded clam-bakes, stormed factory gates, climbed apartment steps—always telling the people that the area needed help, and that they were not getting it from Democrats. To his surprise, he found it fun.

An Old Friend. But when his old acquaintance, Jack Kennedy, appeared in the Tenth District in his drive for the presidency, Scranton was sure he would lose. As the election returns rolled in, he found that Kennedy had indeed won the district by some 15,000 votes. But to his amazement, he also discovered that he was a winner himself by an even greater margin—17,000. He was tabbed immediately as a Republican comer.

Scranton's main aim in going to Congress was to help his district. He landed right in the middle of a nasty fight over the Kennedy Administration's plan to enlarge the House Rules Committee. Despite pleas from Republican congressional leaders to make it a party-line fracas, Scranton voted with the Democrats. A conservative Rules Committee, he figured, might block bills his depressed district needed.

Scranton ignored the tradition that a freshman Congressman should be seen but not heard. He offered major amendments to the Administration's 1961 housing bill and the 1962 public-works bills, saw both of them adopted. In each case, they reduced the amount of money a local community would have to pay as a share of federal projects. Overall, Scranton voted for those Kennedy programs he felt his home area needed, proved more liberal than most of his state's G.O.P. delegation. "What I try to figure out," he explains, "is whether there's a need to be met by Government. If so, I usually vote for such a bill."

There was not much doubt by this time that a new call to try for another public office would soon come to Scranton. And so it did. Pennsylvania's fuddy-duddy regular Republican organization, disheartened by the Kennedy victory, had just about given up hope of dislodging the Democrats from the statehouse this year. But the regulars were still determined to keep control of the party machinery by naming the party's candidates. A Pennsylvania Republican named Dwight Eisenhower resolved to head off the Old Guard.

A Four-Letter Word. Scranton thus got an invitation from Ike to talk politics at the former President's Gettysburg farm. Scranton knew what was in the wind. But by now he had fallen in love with his House job, had no ambitions about the governorship. Scranton listened politely to Ike, but kept shaking his head. Finally, just as Scranton was about to leave, Ike unleashed a cruncher. "Bill," he said, "this all comes down to a four-letter word—duty."

That four-letter word kept echoing in Scranton's ears. The regular Republican organization went right ahead and backed



FOOD DISTRIBUTION TO UNEMPLOYED NEAR PITTSBURGH
In a pivotal area, shorter work weeks and closing plants.

CLYDE HARE



THE DUCHESS
Mother was a picket.

a colorless party trooper for Governor. Ike was furious. He was quoted as calling it "a miserable ticket," a "goddam rotten setup." By now, the pressure was really on Scranton. He finally agreed to run for Governor—but only on the incredible condition that all 67 of the state's brawling county chairmen endorse him. To his vast surprise, they did.

And that brought him into his present nerve-shredding name-calling conflict with Democrat Dilworth.

The Other Side. The Dilworths were in Pennsylvania even before the Scrantons. They also had a town named after them: Dilworthtown, in Lancaster County. By the time Dick Dilworth was born, on Aug. 29, 1898, the family had moved to Pittsburgh, established a profitable iron firm. Like that of the Scrantons, the Dilworth family fortune was founded on turning out iron for the state's rapidly expanding railroads.

Dick's father, Joseph, was a rigid Republican, the sort who considered Teddy Roosevelt a wild radical. Dick did not shake this Republican influence until he had fought with the Marines in World War I, returned to Yale, and become aroused by the way Republicans were assailing Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations. His defection to the Democrats shook his parents to their Republican roots.

Dilworth graduated with honors from Yale Law School, then built a highly successful practice as a Philadelphia trial lawyer. He specialized in libel law—and it is one of his great political assets that he knows precisely how far he can legally go in his assaults on his opponents. A Marine hero again in World War II, Dilworth returned to Philadelphia to lash out at the Republican corruption that had gripped the city for 63 years. From street corners he shouted the names of madams, gamblers, crooks—and the names of the

cops and officials who protected them.

The city's newspapers, and a well-bred Chestnut Hill lawyer named Joseph Clark, joined his cries for reform. Clark and Dilworth finally broke through. Clark was elected mayor in 1951. Dilworth succeeded him in 1956, when Clark decided to run for the Senate. Both crusaders got considerable help from a burgeoning Democratic machine in Philadelphia, run by U.S. Representative Bill Green.

Getting Things Done. As mayor, Dilworth typically tore into the problems that had made Philadelphia one of the shabbiest, most depressed and depressing cities in the U.S. Liberal Dilworth cajoled millions out of the U.S. to rebuild Philadelphia. But he also persuaded Philadelphia's own citizens to pitch in, and he could not have done the job that he did without private-enterprise financing. Dilworth bounced civic heads together until everyone was cooperating on his new highways and skyways, parks and playgrounds, office buildings and housing projects. His energy created a downtown area that today is widely regarded as a model of urban sprightliness, rather than a blot of blight.

Dilworth got things done, but the ferocity with which he did them made enemies. He quarreled with Bill Green. Green retaliated by blocking Dilworth's try for the gubernatorial nomination in 1958. This year Green tried to stop him again with the claim: "Dilworth can't win—he can't even carry Philadelphia." The party split was resolved only by Jack Kennedy. Though deeply indebted to Green, Kennedy sent word that Dilworth was his man.

But Dilworth had troubles beyond mere political enmities. His reform movement had outlasted its zeal, and scandals began to pile up. He dismissed them at first as "penny ante" stuff. Then he took off on a world tour. Then he came back, post haste, as the scandals grew. One contractor said he had been asked to pay \$2,500 to get a city council zoning change. Another bragged that he had paid out \$75,000 in payola to city officials to get contracts for the Frankford Elevated. Coin laundry operators said they paid \$4,000 to avoid new laundry regulations. Dilworth tearfully—and, so far, successfully—argued against a grand jury investigation.

Dilworth's Helper. But despite such difficulties, Dilworth was the man Jack Kennedy wanted to see Governor—and Dilworth is the candidate Kennedy got. Last week the President invaded Pennsylvania on behalf of his choice. The President led a 21-car motorcade past the grey sheds of idle steel mills in Pennsylvania's southwestern Monongahela Valley. At Monessen, some 15,000 cheered as he shouted the theme: "Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!" At McKeesport, 35,000 people heard him cry: "Can you tell me one piece of progressive legislation the Republicans have sponsored in the last 30 years? If you can tell me one, I can tell you 100 that they opposed." Across the street, on a faded building, a sign indicated that some felt he had aided them already: "Thank you, Mr. President, for signing our pay bill—Postal Employees of Monessen."

Kennedy has been in the state before. He helped raise \$1,300,000 for the campaign at a giant dinner in Harrisburg last month. He will be back again next month for a rally in Philadelphia. The Democratic hope is to pull every possible vote out of Philadelphia, thus overpower the rest of the state. Green is throwing his machine into the effort—despite his dislike for Dilworth, he needs those jobs the Governor passes out. The pivotal area could be Pittsburgh and the countryside that Kennedy stumped last week. It is normally Democratic, but miners and steelworkers are sullen about shorter work weeks and the closing of plants.

Scranton is doing everything he can to turn this discontent against the Democrats. He has barged boldly into some of the state's most Democratic, deeply depressed areas to push his slogan: "Build a better Pennsylvania." With good effect, he argues that Democrats have been in power in Harrisburg for eight years, in Washington for two, yet the workers' plight has grown worse, not better. He pledges to work to bring new industry to the state, as he did to the city of Scranton.

The campaigns of both men are well financed and well staffed. Scranton has been able to get all the Republican factions behind him, if only because they sense the possibility of victory. Scranton is candid about this. "Of course, there's still bitterness," he says. "And they are not all united. But they are working."

While such national figures as Kennedy and Eisenhower are in the thick of the campaign, the basic burden is upon the two candidates. Each tends to be something of a loner, and the personal clash is intense. Dilworth's argument boils down to the fact that he has proved his ability in Philadelphia. Scranton pleads only that the Democrats have had ample opportunity to get the state moving—and have failed miserably. He wants a chance to try.



MARY SCRANTON (CAMPAIGNING)
Back to the girl back home.

The Land of Contrasts

Colorado is a state of vivid, sometimes startling, contrasts. Thousands of miles of its flatlands are rich with the emerald green of winter-wheat shoots; other thousands of miles are pasture, dotted with grazing cattle. But the western half of the state is ruggedly mountainous, the steep slopes flecked with aspen and capped with snow. Colorado is a land of mining ghost towns and booming oil, gas, missile

over to the state, for use as the Governor's mansion, their dreamland Denver home, with 23 furnished rooms, a magnificent tooled-leather library, a crystal chandelier that once adorned the White House (in the days of President Taft), and a profusion of priceless tapestries. When the Colorado legislators declined the offer, McNichols went right ahead and accepted it—and he is now living in the Boettcher museum. In short, McNichols enjoys his let-the-chips-fall approach to

ment that can be put back in our own area. Centralization of more and more power in the hands of the executive branch of government deprives us of our individual rights and freedoms." It was a serious speech—seriously considered and seriously delivered. But the ladies could hardly have cared less; all they wanted was to ogle the candidate.

Oddly enough, one poll shows Love far ahead of McNichols, with Carroll and Dominick running down to the wire (see



LOVE



McNICHOLS

Also, ghost towns, Brooks Brothers and sex appeal.



CARROLL



DOMINICK

and atom-research centers. Men in cowboy boots and ten-gallon hats still swing off the cattle trains; but now other men, in Brooks Brothers suits, stride purposefully down the ramps of jet airliners at Denver's Stapleton Airfield. Colorado is also the stage for a couple of 1962's most fascinating political races—and even in these, the contrasts are dramatic. The incumbents are Democrats, both slightly curmudgeonly; they are challenged by Republicans with a high quotient of political sex appeal.

The defenders are Democratic Governor Steve McNichols, 48, and Democratic Senator John Carroll, 61. The challengers are John Love, 45, and Representative Peter Dominick, 47, who, if nothing else, make one of the most virile-looking pairs of candidates in the U.S. this year. Love, a Colorado Springs lawyer, was a political unknown until his G.O.P. primary victory over an old party warhorse, Dominick, a highly articulate Yaleman, is just finishing his first term in Congress.

Love, Your Enemy. As it happens, McNichols has been a darned good Governor. He has built more schools, highways, and state institutional facilities than any Governor before him. Despite chronic unemployment in the mining industry, Colorado's employment is at an all-time high. An aggressive McNichols industrial program last year gained for the state 50 new commercial plants, expansion of 32 others. But Steve McNichols is also a very stubborn fellow—and this fact has made him a lot of enemies. To carry out his program, he raised state income taxes. He feuded with his Democratic state legislature on minor matters. For example, the legislature—for idiotic reasons—refused to accept a gift from the fabulously rich (sugar and cement) Boettcher family. All the Boettchers wanted to do was turn

life and politics. When he has a big problem, he finds a big expert to give him a solution. If he likes the answer, he employs it, without compromise. "Sure," he says, "I've made some enemies, but that's the way I'm going to do it. I can always go back and practice law, though I like this job."

Against McNichols is Republican Love—a man of rugged, movie-star appearance who has plastered the state with stickers bearing only one word: "Love." What else? Candidate Love is a coking good stump speaker. Without getting deep into specifics, he announces himself as backing "a voice in the state's business for every citizen. I'm for the simple but powerful precept of government with the people." Like McNichols, Love is a heavily decorated veteran of World War II; he is addicted to one-button blue suits, button-down collars, and 18-hour campaign days.

Face to Face. On the Senate front, the Democratic incumbent is pudgy, party-lining John Albert Carroll. According to a recent *Congressional Quarterly* sampling, Carroll last year voted 100% in favor of programs enlarging the Federal Government's role. Carroll has been in Colorado politics a long time, and the state's voters have become accustomed to his face and his amiable manners.

Carroll's opponent, Peter Dominick, was reared in Connecticut, went to St. Mark's before Yale, is also a World War II hero (Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal), has lived in Colorado for the past 17 years. Last week, speaking at Denver's Cherry Hills Country Club, Dominick told some 300 assembled ladies that "you can't get money out of Washington unless you first put it there. We get back only 13¢ on every dollar we send in. There are an enormous number of things being done by the Federal Govern-

ment that can be put back in our own area. Centralization of more and more power in the hands of the executive branch of government deprives us of our individual rights and freedoms." It was a serious speech—seriously considered and seriously delivered. But the ladies could hardly have cared less; all they wanted was to ogle the candidate.

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Polls

► The Gallup poll reported that President Kennedy's popularity dropped to a new low of 62%—down five points from the last previous survey—just before the recent race riots in Oxford, Miss. In the South, Kennedy's rating sagged to 52%—down 13% from early September.

► The Minneapolis Tribune gave ten-term Republican Representative Walter Judd a 52% to 43% lead over Donald Fraser, the Democratic-Farmer-Labor challenger. Last December the state legislature gerrymandered Judd's district by adding to it some heavily D.F.L. Minneapolis wards.

► Denver Post polltakers found Democratic Governor Stephen McNichols running far behind Republican John A. Love. The count: 53% to 37%. At the same time, Democratic Senator John Carroll led Republican Representative Peter Dominick by 53% to 35%. Among those considered most likely to vote, Love led McNichols 66% to 32%, and Carroll and Dominick stood at 46% each.

► Pollster Sam Lubell, who doesn't use figures, reported that Republican Richard Nixon and Democrat Pat Brown are running "a fifty-fifty tossup" race for Governor of California. In the east, said Lubell, President Kennedy's support of Democratic candidates for Governor is doing them little good; New York's Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Ohio Candidate James A. Rhodes and Pennsylvania Candidate William W. Scranton (see cover) are each getting significant support from voters who backed Kennedy in 1960.

THE WORLD

EUROPE

The Trouble with Cassandra

"Destiny," says Cassandra in Jean Giraudoux's *Tiger at the Gates*, "is simply the relentless logic of each day we live." Yet the logic of the day is not always immediately apparent. A great many days are filled with portents of doom, but destiny may look quite different.

Europe last week seemed like Cassandra's backyard. Imminent and grave crisis was predicted over Berlin (see following story). Yet the relentless logic of the cold war suggested that while the danger was considerable, the Russians really had little room for maneuver if the West stood firm.

Pessimism was voiced over British entry into the Common Market; as bargaining resumed in Brussels, Negotiator Ted Heath made new demands, including a swifter conference schedule, which the six were in no mood to grant. De Gaulle did not seem any more cordial than before, and Adenauer remarked ironically that they were not exactly exchanging "declarations of love" at Brussels. Yet the relentless logic of profit as well as progress made it virtually certain that Britain will enter.

The Common Market issue also seemed to threaten a split in the Tory Party as it met for its annual conference, just as Labor's earlier move against the Market had threatened to split the nation. Yet the relentless logic of politics brought overwhelming victory to the Tories' pro-Market forces (see Great Britain).

The Western alliance, as usual, seemed in disarray, and practical moves toward Western European unity were for the time being suspended. Yet the relentless logic of what Harold Macmillan called Europe's new Renaissance made it plain that union will come, and that it will strengthen the alliance.

Finally, gloom was inspired by France, where, in theory at least, the government had fallen, evoking evil memories of the chaotic Fourth Republic. Yet the relentless logic of Charles de Gaulle suggested that he will win his presidential referendum (TIME, Sept. 21), and that, one way or another, he will probably survive the subsequent parliamentary elections. A French cartoonist caught the idea when he switched a famed line and had De Gaulle say: "After the deluge, me!"

Cassandra may yet be proved right about many things: she has all too often been right before. Still, gloom is not necessarily foresight, and pessimism is not the same as logic.

BERLIN

What New Initiatives?

Seldom in history has a diplomatic crisis been so well advertised in advance. From Moscow came leaden hints that only the U.S. elections on Nov. 6 were holding up the next round of the Berlin struggle—a round that just might bring Nikita Khrushchev to the U.N. and might also bring the long-threatened peace treaty for East Germany this fall.

In reply, the U.S. began a rolling barrage of warnings. Attorney General Robert Kennedy told an audience in Las Vegas of a "great crisis" ahead; Secretary of

incorporation of West Berlin into West Germany by official decree, and stationing of West German troops in the isolated city. At the very least, insisted Administration officials, the U.S. expected units of West Germany's powerful 375,000-man Bundeswehr to declare themselves available for duty as Berlin blockade busters. These notions fitted in with the thinking of visiting Mayor Willy Brandt, who believes that four-power status for all Berlin—meaning Western rights in East Berlin—has become a fiction. He suggests that, instead of clinging to this fiction, the West concentrate on securing West Berlin, with growing participation

by West Germany. He also proposes a plebiscite in which West Berliners could declare whether they want closer ties to Bonn and the continued presence of Allied forces. In return, Brandt would increase contacts with the East German regime.

Washington also revived the idea that access to Berlin might be controlled by an international authority, including the big powers, East and West Germany, plus a group of satellites and neutrals.

Just Keeping Busy. West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer growled no to almost the entire list of suggestions. He seemed more receptive than before to the idea of an international access authority, but he thought the plebiscite idea was just plain silly, utterly rejected the idea of making West Berlin a part of West Germany and stationing Bonn troops there. Adenauer's reasoning: any West German participation in the defense of Berlin will undermine the concept of four-power occupation control of the city, which, fiction or not, he still considers the basis of Western presence in Berlin.

All that emerged from a foreign affairs debate in the Bundestag was a government-backed resolution urging the U.S., Russia, Britain and France to set up a permanent four-power conference "to solve the German question." During the noisy sessions, Adenauer rose to proclaim hotly his full solidarity with U.S. Berlin policy. But opposition delegates could not forgive a passage in Adenauer's policy speech which sneered at "those who constantly expect initiatives . . . for the sake of remaining busy." Added *der Alte*: "As long as the Soviet Union insists on the division of Germany . . . most of the initiatives which we are urged to take will be devoid of sense."

At week's end the White House announced that Adenauer would arrive in Washington on the day after elections to talk it all over with John F. Kennedy.



"APRÈS LE DÉLUGE—MOI!"

State Dean Rusk expressed grave concern over Berlin to virtually every visiting foreign minister at the U.N.; Defense Secretary Robert McNamara issued a public warning that nuclear arms, if necessary, would be used by the U.S. to maintain Western rights in the surrounded city.

Ideas Afloat. All the noise reflected a suspicion in Washington that Khrushchev and his advisers may not really believe that the U.S. or its Allies will fight in a Berlin showdown. Kennedy believes that a disastrous collision can best be avoided if the signals of U.S. determination are repeated again and again, loud and clear.

At the same time, Washington kept floating more ideas for "fresh initiatives" to break the Berlin deadlock. Most of them envisioned closer ties between West Germany and West Berlin. In some Washington quarters, there was talk of



MAUDLING, HOME, HEATH & BUTLER AT CONFERENCE
Into the sunlit brilliance of today.

GREAT BRITAIN

"For Us, the Future"

A month ago, Harold Macmillan was in such political trouble that he seemed to have nowhere to go but up. Last week he was up—way up.

A sluggish economy, a series of by-election setbacks, and last summer's ministerial massacre had undermined public confidence in the government and caused Macmillan's popularity to plunge to new lows in the public-opinion polls. Committed though he was to British entry into the Common Market, his leadership seemed to be faltering. There were alarmed predictions that rising anti-Market sentiment would split the party. In this atmosphere of fretful uncertainty, the Tories met for their annual party conference in the Welsh resort of Llandudno—and ringingly endorsed both the Common Market and Harold Macmillan.

Cries of "Rubbish." In the week before the conference, 20 million copies of Macmillan's pamphlet, stating why Britain must join Europe, were circulated to every corner of the United Kingdom. At Llandudno young party workers distributed among the delegates hundreds of five-inch lapel badges that bore only one word: "Yes." Belatedly, anti-Marketees copied the ploy, but their "No" buttons were overwhelmingly outnumbered. To provide the facts and figures about the Market, Britain's chief negotiator, Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath, interrupted meetings with the Six in Brussels and flew to Wales. Exhibiting all the charm, patience and tenacity that made him a successful chief whip in Commons, Heath spent three hours briefing 350 party agents on how to answer specific questions from farmers, housewives and small businessmen in their constituencies. Bowled over by Heath's persuasiveness, the agents gave him a roaring ovation at the end of the closed session.

In public debate later, the anti-Market forces, led by two former Health Ministers, Robert Turton and Sir Derek Walker-Smith, forcefully invoked the catch phrase of "Queen, country and Commonwealth." But the old arguments failed to rouse a cold audience. When an anti-Marketeer said that Britain's young people were against going into the Market, cries of "Rubbish" and "Nonsense" filled the hall.

Plea for Wealth. Government big guns blasted the anti-Market forces. Said Heath in a solidly professional, fact-filled speech: "Europe is incomplete without Britain, and we in Britain are incomplete without Europe." Savagely, Deputy Prime Minister Rab Butler tore into the Labor Party's anti-Market position, called Hugh Gaitskell's anti-Market address at the recent Labor Party conference "a passionately backward-looking speech." The Socialists, Butler said, "have decided to look backward. For them, 1,000 years of history books; for us, the future." Foreign Secretary Lord Home eloquently tied economics to world politics: "With every restrictive practice that is abolished, with every order that is gained because prices are competitive, with every delivery date that is held, a British Foreign Secretary rejoices, because it has an instant effect on our ability to guide events. Once more I make a plea for wealth—which is one of the foundations of influence."

In the end, fewer than 40 hands out of 4,500 were raised against the government's pro-Market resolution. The stage was then set for Macmillan, and he received one of the greatest ovations of his 40-year political career. In a passionately felt speech, he declared that Britain must enter the Market or "forfeit the chance of influencing events. If we delay indefinitely, it will be too late. Now is the opportunity, and we must seize it. With the

development of the European idea, there has come a resurgence and a new vigor in all aspects of European life. There is something here of the release of the spirit which lifted Europe out of the medieval twilight into the brilliance of the Renaissance and the modern world. Europe is once more on the move."

You're Not All Right, Jack

Across Britain last week, the symptoms of what other Europeans call "the English disease" were alarming. In Coventry, 300 deliverymen went on strike for three days. At Ford's Halewood plant, 600 electricians walked out, maintaining the company's five-year average of one walkout a week. In Edinburgh, the Scottish building workers threatened to pull 100,000 men off construction sites.

The constant strikes help explain why, as Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling put it at last week's Tory conference, Britain has "not yet succeeded in achieving an adequate and steady rate of economic growth." His speech was greeted with cries of "Quit dawdling, Maudling!", but a great deal of the dawdling has been done by British labor.

Not Too Fast. To some extent the phenomenon of productivity rising more slowly than wages is an international complaint, but Britain's case is worse than most. No industrial nation in the 1950s had a slower growth of per capita output than Britain—20% for the decade; yet over the same period wages doubled. In West Germany, a comparable wage increase was offset by a 60% rise in productivity. In the face of rugged competition from the Common Market, these figures add up to serious trouble for Britain.

So far this year, Britain has had 2,000-odd strikes that have cost more than 5,000,000 workdays. Many of these were caused by nagging jurisdictional disputes among 650 unions, which range in size from Frank Cousins' mammoth Transport and General Workers Union (1,200,000 members) to shrimps like the National Union of Basket, Cane, Wicker and Fibre



MACMILLAN IN SUMMER HOUSE PREPARING SPEECH
Out of the gloomy medieval twilight.

Furniture Makers of Great Britain and Ireland (120). Typical case: forty years the heating fitters have been feuding with the plumbers, claiming that the plumbers are entitled to lay only cold-water pipes and not hot-water ones too.

Just as serious as strikes are slowdowns, hangers-on from the prairie days of heavy unemployment when work was spread thin to make more jobs. Even though today Britain has virtually full employment, there is always the desire to go slow and earn some overtime. The theme song of Peter Sellers' movie satire on trade unions, *I'm All Right, Jack*, aptly capsulates this philosophy:

*We'll all pull together, but not too fast.
Got to help the other fellow make the
job last.*

Lingering Hostility. While workers on the Continent increasingly consider themselves as men on the way up, British workers, thanks in part to stodgy and left-leaning union leadership, are mired in old proletarian clichés. Though Britain's unions are numerically the strongest in Europe—43% of the total working force—they have accomplished far less "leveling" than advertised. A mere 2% of the population still owns nearly half the wealth, and 81% of the country's wage earners draw \$2,800 a year or less before taxes. In straight cash terms, British workers earn the top wages in Europe, but when fringe benefits are figured in, their 96¢ hourly rate trails West Germany's (\$1.02) and even France's (97¢).

Nor have the unions won reasonable seniority or severance-pay provisions for their members, some of whom can be sacked with a couple of hours' notice. The result is a lingering sense of insecurity and a continuing hostility toward employers—the distant "them" from whom injustice may be expected as a matter of course. Nowhere is this hostility more obvious than in resistance to automation—a carry-over from the Luddites, who ravaged the Midlands in the early 1800s destroying newfangled textile machinery. When London newspapers tried to introduce bundletyng machines, they found themselves locked in a four-year dispute that ended only when they agreed to keep on all their human bundle-tyers along with the machines.

Growing Disenchantment. In labor's own ranks, some doubts about the unions are appearing. Responsible union leaders oppose wildcat strikes and preach the need for increased productivity. Workers are beginning to have some compunctions about strikes and the pay losses involved, partly because they care more than they used to about material possessions. Today, working-class wives dream not only of washing machines and permanents but also of autos and trips abroad.

As for the public at large, Britons have long been notably calm and patient about strikes. Yet there was some grumbling fortnight ago, when the railwaymen brought trains throughout the country to a dead halt and millions of commuters skipped work rather than try their luck on the highways. Slowly but surely, dis-

enchantment with the unions is growing. In a 1954 Gallup poll, only 12% of the British public considered unions bad; by 1959 the figure had nearly doubled to 23%. Says George Woodcock, one of the leaders of the Trades Union Congress: "We have lost the general sympathy that the public usually reserve for the underdog. Trade unions came into existence to resist injustice and oppression. Trade unions should be careful that they do not even appear to be becoming the instruments of oppression themselves."

INDIA

Tough at Last

For the past three years, India's struggle with Red China over their disputed Himalayan border has been more of a shouting than a shooting match. But last week, in an isolated area of the North East Frontier Agency near the border of Chinese-held Tibet, Indian and Chinese



PRIME MINISTER NEHRU
"Free our territory."

frontier guards engaged in a mortar and grenade duel that resulted in 55 casualties—33 Chinese and 22 Indians. As usual, both sides claimed that the other was the aggressor. What was unusual was a new Indian toughness toward the Chinese.

Though India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru was once willing to negotiate the frontier wrangle, he has now come to believe that compromise on his part would lead to new Chinese incursions. Recently, India curtly refused China's offer to arbitrate the border difference unless the Chinese first withdrew from the more than 14,000 square miles of Indian territory they occupy. Replied Peking: "No force in the world could oblige us to withdraw."

Nehru fortnight ago appointed Lieut. General B. M. Kaul, 50, to act as "Commander of the Special Task Force to Intensify Operations Against the Chinese Intruders." A tough, Sandhurst-educated

anti-Communist, Kaul was placed on indefinite leave last August after he questioned Defense Minister Krishna Menon's appeasement policy toward Red China. Kaul's new assignment from Nehru: "To free our territory in the northeast frontier." Said Nehru at week's end: India's forces are "strongly positioned and in a large number operating from higher ground than the Chinese."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Associated with Combat

The flight of 21 U.S. Marine helicopters swarmed like giant, olive-green dragonflies over the fog-cloaked Annamite mountains in the northern part of South Viet Nam. Most of the HUS-1 choppers carried Vietnamese troops headed for battle with the Communists, but in the last one were two Navy medics and six marines. Suddenly, the copter plummeted into a jungle mountainside amidst 100-ft.-tall trees.

A Vietnamese Ranger company landed in the nearest clearing, but three hours later they were only halfway to the crash. First man on the scene was another Navy medic, who shinned down a rope from a helicopter hovering over the wreckage. Three men were beyond help; four of the five survivors died in their litters as they were slowly and stealthily carried through the Red-infested territory to the hospital in Nhatrang. Only the pilot lived to tell the story, and he could not tell much. Apparently there had been no enemy gunfire; the chopper had entered a cloud bank at 1,800 ft., and the next thing he remembered, he was lying on the ground.

The crash, officially listed as an accident, brought the toll of U.S. war dead in South Viet Nam since last December to 27. Of them, 14 were killed in accidents "associated" with combat, 13 in action.

FAR EAST

The Crooked Thing

"Love is the crooked thing," wrote William Butler Yeats. "There is nobody wise enough to find out all that is in it." In the Far East last week, love seemed crookedier than ever. Items:

► In Hong Kong, the ancient Chinese custom of concubinage agitated the island colony's women. In the past, a concubine would move right into her keeper's house after acceptance by his first wife, who was then able to keep tab on the doxy and watch out for her husband's interests. A concubine's children would address the No. 1 wife as "Mother," their own mother as "Elder Sister." Today an estimated one-third of Hong Kong's men have a *tsip*, or second wife, recruited from dance halls, but keep her on a part-time basis only. One wealthy sugar broker had nine *tsips* scattered all over Hong Kong. Last week Hong Kong's Council on Human Rights, prodded by militant, Western-oriented feminists, demanded that concubinage of both the old and new varieties be abolished as "obsolete."



MAO TSE-TUNG & CENTRAL COMMITTEE*
Diversion from woeful failures.

► In Japan, a survey of 2,350 young women conducted by Tokyo Medical University revealed that 90% of the women polled believe that money is what makes marriage successful. "The kind of thinking that says that love is a substitute for rice is complete nonsense," said one girl. Though most girls want a husband "taller than myself," they are not going to be too choosy about looks if the man is a good provider. What is the best evidence of a man's virility? One girl replied: "Assured earning power."

CHINA

The Women

After production statistics, about the most carefully concealed figures in Red China belong to the bosses' wives. Premier Chou En-lai's plump partner is often in the spotlight because she herself is a veteran Communist, but hardly anyone ever sees the wives of Chairman Mao Tse-tung and his second in command, Liu Shao-chi. Several fetching pictures reaching the U.S. from Peking last week showed that during the celebration of Red China's 13th National Day (Oct. 1), Mmes. Mao and Liu both made nearly unprecedented public appearances.

What flushed the ladies from their re-

treats was the state visit of Hartini, wife of Indonesia's President Sukarno. A well-curved Javanese divorcee on whom Sukarno's practiced eye fell some eight years ago, Hartini is Wife No. 2 in Sukarno's Moslem household, for he already had a wife, two ex-wives and several children when she happened along.

While the Chinese Communist Central Committee, presided over by a plump and healthy-looking Mao, 68, was meeting in Peking, Hartini was taking in the sights of Nanking and Shanghai. At banquets and parades, the little-known Peking matrons plainly competed with her for attention. Had a clever government agent wanted a gimmick to divert attention from Red China's woeful economic failures, he could scarcely have dreamed up a better one. Mao's wife is a slender, handsome woman of about 45 who once acted in Chinese movies under the name Lan Pin, now calls herself Chiang Ching. She married him in 1939 after he divorced No. 3, Liu's wife, Wang Kuang-mei, is also his fourth. The first was killed during China's civil war, the other two were divorced. Some 25 years his junior (Liu is in his early 60s),

* From left: Liu Shao-chi, General Secretary Teng Hsiao-ping, Mao, Premier Chou En-lai, Vice Chairman of Central Committee Chu Teh.



PEKING PARADERS

she is dark, trim, and, judging by her appearance in a gown of opulent velvet, clothes-conscious.

Across the Formosa Strait, meanwhile, a somewhat better-known woman figured prominently in the Nationalists' celebration of Double Ten Day, marking the Oct. 10, 1911, uprising against the Manchus. At the offices of Taiwan Television Enterprise, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek pressed a control button with an elegantly gloved finger to inaugurate commercial television on the island. Formosa is starting out with 3,000 sets and four channels, a telling testimonial to the island's prosperity.

NORTH KOREA

Dream Election

When a Communist country stages an election, the Reds usually win by something like 98.4%. Last week the Communist regime of North Korea dropped the pretense of a token opposition, announced that in the elections for the National Assembly, it gathered 100% of the votes.



COMRADE LIU & WIFE



HARTINI WITH COMRADE MAO & WIFE
Competition for a curvaceous divorcee.

CONGO

Exit, King of Diamonds

Katanga's Moïse Tshombe is not the only secessionist to break off a piece of the Congo and call it his own. He is merely the richest. In the backcountry, other little fiefs have declared themselves independent in defiance of central government authority. Zaniest of all is ludicrous little Mining State in South Kasai.

Like "independent" Katanga, Mining State was the virtual creation of Belgium's powerful Société Générale, which, through a company called Forminière, for years held the concession to mine the world's



ALBERT I & SUBJECTS
A scepter found—and lost.

biggest source of industrial diamonds. After independence came in 1960, the Belgians put their weight behind an eccentric Baluba chief named Albert Kalonji, and went right on mining diamonds while the Congolese central government floundered helplessly in Leopoldville. Wallowing in Forminière's lavish tax and dividend payments, the bearded Kalonji donned a diamond-studded crown and leopard apron, found himself a scepter, and dubbed himself Kasai's King Albert I.

Even after the Leopoldville regime arrested Kalonji last January for his secessionist activities, Mining State went right ahead as an independent nation, issuing its own postage stamps and flying its own flag, convinced that Premier Cyrille Adoula's central regime lacked the resolve to crush Kasai's lucrative rebellion.

This seemed true enough until King Al-

bert I slipped out of his jail last month and fled back to his little Kasai capital of Bakwanga. At last Adoula decided to act, ordered a group of army officers to fly off to Bakwanga and take over. It was easy, for a restive and well-bribed faction of Kalonji's own troops quickly joined the invaders. King Albert once again made his getaway; according to rumor, he took three cases of diamonds with him. At week's end the fleeing monarch turned up in Katanga, presumably getting sympathy from fellow separatist Moïse Tshombe.

Kalonji's escape was hard to swallow, but the central government had made its point with the people who count—the Belgian diamond operators. Hurriedly, their chief flew to Leopoldville from Brussels, agreed henceforth to hand over the diamond operation's lavish cash benefits to Adoula's treasury.

"If only Katanga would prove as easy to crack," sighed one Western diplomat in the Congo last week. But Moïse Tshombe was holding out as stubbornly as ever for his region's autonomy, and for the lion's share of the vast concession fees of Katanga's Belgian and British-controlled copper and cobalt riches. As U.S. Under Secretary of State George McGhee conferred patiently in Elisabethville, hoping to convince Tshombe that Katanga must return to the Congo fold, U.N. Acting Secretary-General U Thant published a U.N. report from Leopoldville which charged that Tshombe was beefing up his stout little army with additional white hirelings, had even added more than a dozen airplanes to his tiny air force.

TURKEY

Partial Amnesty

In Turkey's Kayseri State Prison a few weeks ago, inmates held an engagement party for two former Deputies who were among the 460 politicians jailed last year as supporters of executed Premier Adnan Menderes. Last week the engaged couple could look forward to a wedding ball without chains. Approved by the National Assembly was a long-delayed amnesty for all but 53 of the prisoners. Among those still behind bars: ex-President Celal Bayar, 78, serving a life sentence.

Bitter bickering over the proposed amnesty has been the parliament's main preoccupation for more than a year, while Turkey's economy teetered and riots erupted in the cities. Republican Premier Ismet Inonu, 78, wanted a partial amnesty. His coalition partners in the Justice Party, as political heirs of Menderes, demanded immediate and total amnesty. The army junta, which had overthrown Menderes was against letting anyone go. Willy Inonu finally won out by allowing his divided government to collapse and forming a new coalition with two small parties that agreed with him. Striding spryly up to the rostrum after the Deputies had passed his amnesty, Inonu said: "This is a big step toward attaining peace and happiness in the country. I congratulate you."

ALGERIA

Building an Image

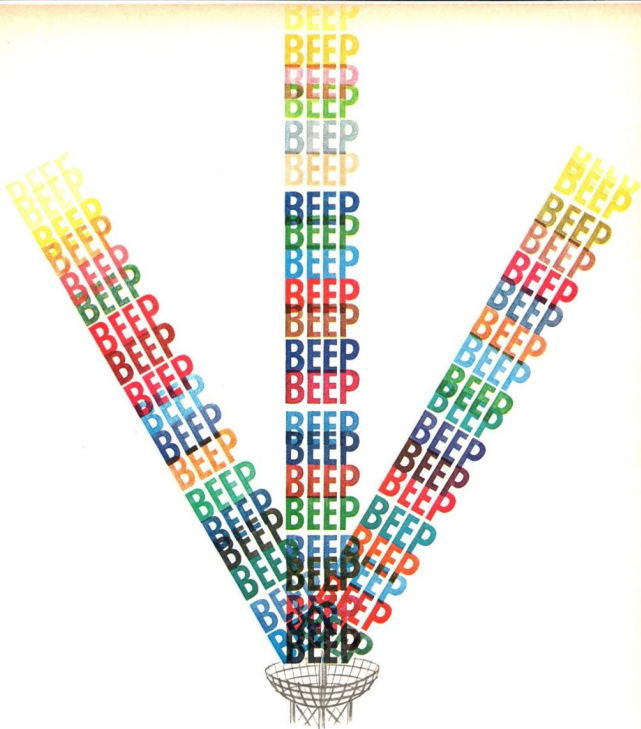
For three hours at U.N. headquarters in Manhattan, looking youthful and a little bewildered under glaring lights, stood Algerian Premier Ahmed Ben Bella, 42, shaking hands with 1,500 guests. The reception marking Algeria's admission to the U.N. was a kind of diplomatic coming-out party for the man who had won control of his embattled country, and the U.S. last week got a chance to take a closer look at the man under the lights.

His image was shadowed by his intention to visit Fidel Castro in Cuba just two days after meeting President Kennedy in the White House. One of his first acts in Manhattan was to call on Cuba's President Osvaldo Dorticos, who next day denounced the U.S. in violent terms. In a mixture of Latin *abrazo* and the traditional French greeting, both men hugged and kissed each other. Linking the "kissing match" to Communism rather than to courtesy, the New York Mirror cried: "Ben Bella go home and kiss an Arab."

Unpresumptuous Try. Yet when Ben Bella strode to the rostrum in the U.N. General Assembly, he had not a word to say about Cuba. In his notably restrained speech, he inevitably put Algeria in the ranks of the Afro-Asian nationalists, expressed the expected sympathy with "our brother Arab people in Palestine," and urged economic help to undeveloped countries, including Algeria.

To reporters, he made an effort to redress his image by stressing that his trip to Cuba was not intended as a "commentary" on U.S. relations with Castro, and added: "On the other hand, without trying to be presumptuous, I hope to contribute something to the lessening of tension between the United States and Cuba." But Ben Bella's Foreign Minister later declared that any attempt to overthrow the regime "chosen" by the Cuban people would be a "threat to peace." In part, the Algerians insisted, their position is based on the fact that during the struggle with France, the U.S. supplied the French army with bombers, guns and ammunition used against the Algerian rebels, while Castro's Cuba gave hospital care to hundreds of Algerian wounded.

Courageous Stand. On the subject of Algeria's relations with France, and on the rights of Europeans in Algeria guaranteed under the Evian Agreement, Ben Bella sounded eminently reasonable. In several meetings, he urged France's Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville to help persuade French industrialists and technicians to aid in reopening Algeria's closed factories, and to see that French doctors and teachers returned to their posts. Though an avowed socialist, Ben Bella insisted that Algeria would have "a mixed economy including both state and private industry." In an hour-long chat with Russia's Andrei Gromyko, Ben Bella did more listening than talking. Gromyko hammered at the "wrong" policies of the U.S., and added that Russia "is ready to give you help in all your needs." Ben Bella



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answered: "All assistance will be highly appreciated because we need everything."

This week Ben Bella boarded President Kennedy's plane for the flight to Washington and lunch at the White House. "My first thought in seeing Mr. Kennedy," he said, "is to thank him for his courageous stand as Senator when he called for Algerian independence back in 1957." Defining his own nonaligned position, Ben Bella said it is based on "the principles of anti-imperialism" and "opposes military alliances. It supports general disarmament and peaceful coexistence."

Even Ben Bella may not yet be sure to whose tune he will eventually dance. But as of last week, his words were not those of a Communist—or necessarily even a kisser's cousin of Communism—but of a nationalist faced with possibly insuperable problems at home and little time for intrigue abroad.

EGYPT

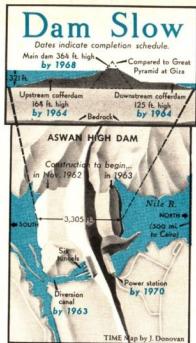
The Russians v. the Nile

The billion-dollar Aswan High Dam, partly financed by Russian credits, is to be the greatest monument in Egypt's history. Sixteen times the bulk of the Great Pyramid of Giza, the dam will create Lake Nasser, largest man-made lake in the world. According to the plans, it will bring into cultivation a badly needed million acres of now barren land, and double the present Egyptian output of electricity.

But last week there were serious doubts that the project can be finished by its scheduled date, even though 570 Soviet technicians and 17,000 Egyptian engineers and laborers are working round the clock. The High Dam is not supposed to be finished till 1968, and the entire project till 1970, but there is a tight schedule for the completion of successive stages, and if any one were to be delayed, the whole plan would be thrown out of kilter.

Bad from the Start. These are the main stages planned: 1) the blasting out of a mile-long channel to detour the Nile around the main dam; at one point the channel will go underground through six rock tunnels (see map) and activate the turbines of a power station; 2) the construction of an upstream cofferdam to steer the Nile into its new bed, and of a second cofferdam downstream so that the river will not seep back into the dam site after its detour; 3) the building of the main dam itself, which cannot begin until the channel is cut and cofferdams are in place, supposedly by 1964.

From its start in January 1960, the project has gone badly. Full Soviet plans were not ready until eight months later, and have changed repeatedly since. The Russians believed it would be easy and inexpensive to build an open-cut channel around the dam. But the massive Soviet drills—of a type that was obsolete in the West 25 years ago—failed to make headway in Egypt's volcanic rock. Over Soviet protests, Nasser ordered batteries of light, rubber-tired rock drills from Sweden, and imported Swedish rock en-



gineers to supervise their operation. Even so, in temperatures of 135°, metal surfaces blistered the human hand. Summer work was done mostly at night under the glare of brilliant floodlights. The rock hauling has been delayed by frequent breakdowns of Russian dump trucks, which cost Egypt \$41,000 each.

No Harder Than Space. Twice this summer, Nasser sent delegations to Moscow demanding more and better service. In July the Russians agreed to fire the Soviet project director, Dr. Ivan Kosmin, who had built the great Kuibyshev Dam on the Volga. His replacement, Dr. Alexander Alexandrov, took one quick look at Aswan and rushed back to Moscow to ask for more machines and technicians. The most ominous result of these stops and starts, plan changes and equipment failures, was that rock excavation fell far behind schedule, with only 7,300,000 out of a total of 26 million tons of granite drilled and blasted. But recently, rock excavation has nearly doubled to 45,000 tons per day.

Nasser's government does not publicly criticize the Russians, but individual Egyptians are increasingly letting off steam. Ahmed Said, 59, a veteran hydraulic engineer, says of the Soviet technicians, "Compared to Western professionals, they're amateurs." Ibrahim Qenawi, director general of the Aswan project, snaps: "The Russians simply didn't know how to do the job here. We're grateful for their credits and technical advice, but now we're running the show ourselves." The chief Russian engineer at Aswan, Georg Radchinko, seems undisturbed by Egyptian rancor. "All great projects present great problems," says he, adding sardonically: "If we can rendezvous cosmonauts in space, don't you think we can build a dam on the Nile?"

RUSSIA

And Then the Police Fired

Within weeks of last June's Kremlin decree boosting the prices of meat and butter as much as 30%, a remarkable rumor filtered through the Iron Curtain: several hundred young Russian students and workers had been killed by police in the booming southern industrial city of Novochoerkassk, near Rostov, in a wild night of rioting and pillaging touched off by the unexpected price increase.

The sketchy story was briefly and inconspicuously reported by British and French newspapers; last month Radio Liberty, an *émigré* broadcasting outfit in Munich, beamed the rumor back to Russia. Among the circumstantial supporting evidence: 1) the entire Rostov region was suddenly declared off limits to foreign tourists in June, supposedly because of a cholera epidemic, although a major track meet was held on July 8 and Russian citizens were allowed to move freely in the allegedly disease-ridden area; 2) Novochoerkassk imposed a curfew on young people, to remain in effect for two years; 3) Nikita Khrushchev's second in command, Frol Kozlov, made a special trip to the area June 8 and stayed for several weeks to deal with "certain party organizations for neglecting ideological and educational work."

Finally, through later accounts from Soviet travelers and allied intelligence sources, and Russian youngsters attending the World Youth Festival last summer in Helsinki, the full dimensions of the June riots were reconstructed. The latest Washington version:

Novochoerkassk (pop. 94,000) has about 16,000 young factory workers and students at technical training schools, who live in 42 barracks-like dormitories scattered throughout the city. About three days after the price announcement, a group of youths marched out of their dormitory after dinner chanting a slogan against the decree. They were soon joined by thousands of others, who also shouted complaints about piecework rates. The huge crowd moved slowly toward the center of town, accompanied by housewives. The main square was jammed, and to get a better look at the turbulent scene, many students climbed trees and telephone poles.

Communist Party officials were scared. From the steps of party headquarters they begged the crowd to disperse, promised to look into their grievances. For a moment the mass of youths moved backward, then surged forward again. Nervous police fired over the heads of the crowd, inadvertently killed some young Russians perched in the dark on trees and utility poles. As their bodies fell to the ground, the rioters exploded with rage. Party headquarters was sacked; officials were beaten to the floor as they frantically telephoned for reinforcements. Fresh militia and secret police units raced to the scene, opened up with machine guns. Hundreds are believed to have died and hundreds more wounded before the riot was quelled.

THE HEMISPHERE

VENEZUELA

Terror from the Extremes

One evening last week a well-dressed woman walked casually into the powder room of Caracas' Hotel Tamanaco, the favorite Venezuelan hotel for well-heeled U.S. tourists and businessmen. Minutes after she left, a thunderous explosion blew out the powder-room walls, shattered glass in the lobby, wrecked the interior of the cocktail lounge and injured five persons. Timed to coincide with the Tamanaco blast, a hail of fire from machine guns and mortars poured into an army motor pool on the other side of town. Troops returned the fire, and for two hours many of the expectant mothers in a nearby maternity hospital covered beneath their beds as bullets ricocheted through the building. A bystander was killed and eight wounded before the attackers scattered and escaped.

First to Finish? The violence had a single objective: to undermine the government of President Rómulo Betancourt, 54, and bring it down. But Betancourt is not an easy man to topple. Since taking office nearly four years ago, he has survived street riots, assassination attempts and barracks coups—the last a bloody marine corps uprising at Puerto Cabello naval base last summer. In the meantime, he has doggedly pursued a policy of reform. Under Betancourt's agrarian program, more than 3,700,000 acres of land (mostly government property) have been divided among nearly 55,000 families; 5,000 miles of farm-to-market roads have been built in two years. Illiteracy has been halved to 25%; the number of primary school students has jumped from 700,000 to 1,200,000, and for the first time in Venezuelan history the government is spending more on education than on the military. This, in a nation that Liberator Simón Bolívar once called "the barracks"

of South America. Now Betancourt is struggling to finish his five-year term, hold free elections and see his legal successor take office in February 1964. If he succeeds, it will be another historic first for a nation whose history is riddled with revolt and dictatorship.

Those who are out to stop Betancourt are tagged "extremists" by Venezuelans. Most of them are from the extreme left—members of the Communist Party, of the Castro-following Movement of the Revolutionary Left, of a Reddish faction of the left-of-center Republican-Democratic Union. Some are far-right opportunists who hate Betancourt for his insistent social and economic reforms. Their campaign is disjointed: occasional attacks on isolated villages in the hills, the murder of a few Caracas policemen, machine-gun forays on Caracas embassies, a Molotov cocktail thrown at a newspaper printing plant. Up to now, the bulk of the country's military has supported Betancourt in the interests of stability—and because they prefer his moderate reform to the violent upheaval a homegrown Castro would provoke. But as the tension continues, rumors of an impending coup rattle through the capital.

Privilege Abused. Taking his own steps to restore order, Betancourt last week suspended constitutional guarantees of assembly and free speech, imposed radio and press censorship, suspended the right of habeas corpus and privacy of the home. More than 300 known enemies of the regime were rounded up. And Venezuela's embattled President redoubled his efforts to revoke the congressional immunity of extremist Deputies who have abused it by openly preaching insurrection against the government.

All this was strong medicine, but tough-minded Rómulo Betancourt knew that he had to prescribe it in order to hold the extremists at bay.



QUADROS VOTING
And now for a voyage?

BRAZIL

More & Worse Trouble

The biggest name in Brazil's midterm state and congressional elections last week got the biggest comeuppance. Jânio Quadros, 45, elected mayor of São Paulo city in 1953, governor of São Paulo state in 1954 and President of Brazil by a record margin in 1960, was running for office for the first time since he abdicated the presidency in August 1961. He chose his old stamping ground, São Paulo, and his old job, governor. Topping up the official returns takes weeks in Brazil, but all indications are that Quadros suffered a humiliating defeat. With 86% of the ballots counted, he was behind by 121,677 votes.

On the campaign trail, the ex-President looked and sounded like the old Quadros; so sure was he of victory that he introduced himself at rallies as "your governor." But the erratic, wild-haired Quadros, who says that "occult forces" drove him from the presidency, did not wow the voters as he had before. Favoring a predictable politician over the unpredictable one, they gave the lead to a somewhat shopworn old figure named Adhemar de Barros, whose scandal-tainted state administration was turned out by Quadros eight years ago. A Quadros aide passed word that the ex-President was again considering a long sea voyage.

Aside from the Quadros upset, it was pretty much politics as before in Brazil. With few exceptions, the reigning parties—ex-President Juscelino Kubitschek's free-spending Social Democrats and President João Goulart's leftist-nationalist Laborites—hung on to their powerful blocs in the country's fractured Congress, and that suggested that Brazil is in for more and worse trouble. So loud was the squabbling in the outback capital of Brasília in the last session that Congress proved itself incapable of passing legislation aimed at solving Brazil's desperate economic and social problems. It rarely even produced a quorum. Since then, the problems have only grown worse. Last week Finance Minister Miguel Calmon reported that Brazil owes foreign oil suppliers \$45 million and cannot pay, and that the trade deficit for the first nine months of 1962 stands at \$162 million.



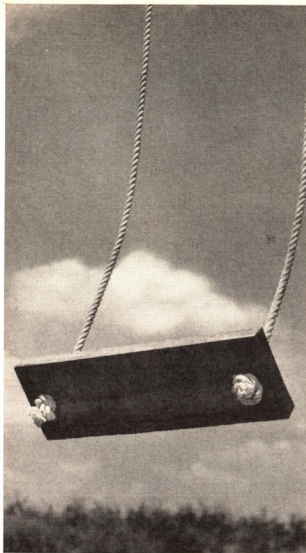
CHARLES THOMAS

BOMB DAMAGE IN CARACAS HOTEL

Across town, the maternity hospital was hit.



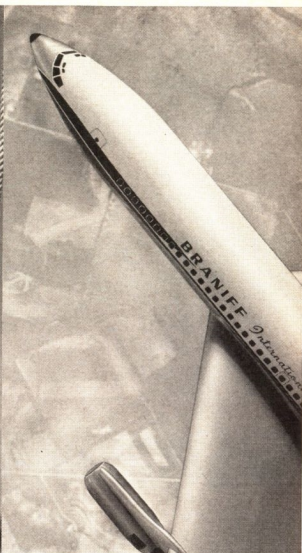
BETANCOURT



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PEOPLE

With 120-m.p.h. winds and torrential rains lashing San Francisco, Baseball Commissioner **Ford Frick** waded through a Candlestick Park that the groundskeeper called "fit only for synchronized swimming," kept calling off the sixth game between the Giants and Yankees, thus making the 1962 World's Series the most oft-postponed since the six-day wait in 1911 when the Giants were playing the Philadelphia Athletics.

Such an awful lot of celebrities live around the tony shores of Lake Geneva in Switzerland, and one young German photographer set out to snap them all. Among the least camera-shy in the chalet colony was Old Litterateur **Noel Coward**,



NOEL COWARD
Thinking pleasantly.

62, who obligingly posed for a seraphic portrait before a pair of huge gilt wings that perch above his fireplace. Coward was highly pleased with the result. "It is a pleasant thought," said he, "to know that I have a top-class photographer so much at hand."

His elders thought Ohio's private Hawken School was just the place for the heir to a \$150 million fortune. Ends-ville, thought the 16-year-old heir, **Cyrus Eaton III**, grandson of the Industrialist Cyrus Sr. There was no football team at Hawken, and worse yet, no girls. So Cyrus III took off for Nashville, Tenn., where public West End High School, he heard, has both football and the coeds to go with it. Trying to enroll as a penniless orphan named Seth French, he let it slip that he knew Latin, and before long the jig was up. Said Cyrus: "I'm not happy. After eleven years in a private school, I wanted to see what it was like in a public school!"

An astronaut's wife needs a sense of humor to weather the high risks of her husband's job, explained Rene Carpenter

to the National Council of Women. For example, she said, take **Jo Schirra**, 38, whose husband Walter recently returned home safely after orbiting the earth six times. At one point in the program an admiral thoughtfully reassured the space-men's wives that if by any chance the parachute failed and the capsule sank, an explosive signal device would automatically detonate, thus alerting recovery forces. "Oh?" said Jo. "So they'll know where to drop the wreath?"

Seventeen years after the man whose name became a synonym for traitor was tried and shot for his Nazi collaboration, Norwegians learned the whereabouts of **Vidkun Quisling's** ashes. Long locked up by the Norwegian government in the fear that neo-Nazis might turn a burial site into a shrine, Quisling's ashes were finally released two years ago and laid to rest by his widow Maria in the family plot near Skien.

Under the auctioneer's hammer went the best preserved collection of U.S. gold coins outside of the Treasury. Belonging to Florida Construction Tycoon **Samuel W. Wolfson**, 50, it brought \$535,000 in two sessions at Manhattan's Americana Hotel. Rarest of the lot: an 1854 \$5 half eagle, one of three extant, which fetched \$16,500 from a buyer. Why was Wolfson cashing in his collection? Fingering the 1850 gold dollars (value: \$150) that adorn his cuff links, he explained: "I've come within 8% of getting one of every gold coin minted in this country. It's been a thrill, but I'd never have been able to complete it."

A Gothic bell tower soaring 140 feet above the campus of Southwestern at Memphis College, in his native Tennessee, will be dedicated to the late **Richard Halliburton**, the most roisterous rover boy since Byron, and author of *The Royal Road to Romance*. Built at a cost of \$450,000 by his 92-year-old father, whose wealth came from real estate, the tower bears Halliburton's carefree credo: "I wanted freedom, freedom to indulge in whatever caprice struck my fancy, freedom to search in the farthestmost corners of the earth for the beautiful, the joyous and romantic." During his last caprice in 1930, sailing a tiny Chinese junk across the Pacific, the 39-year-old adventurer vanished in a typhoon.

The pace was accelerating for the rum young Englishman who was hacksawed out of the wreckage of his Lotus Grand Prix racer last April and spent two months partially paralyzed from a brutal bruising of the right side of his brain. Turning up at the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y., **Stirling Moss**, 33, spent the day as honorary track steward, shifting smoothly from clocking cars to charming pretty girls. His former 120-m.p.h. clip was still too much. "But I can now drive 60 m.p.h.," said Moss,



STIRLING MOSS & AN
Shifting smoothly.

"with the standard of perfection I'm used to." Proving it on his way back to New York to hop a flight to the Bahamas, he was indicating a precise 60 when a state trooper nabbed him in a 50-m.p.h. zone. "I won't argue," said Moss, and the cop let him pay the \$10 fine by mail.

One month after her 75th birthday, England's unofficial Poetess Laureate **Dame Edith Sitwell** got around to celebrating the occasion. "Sharp-nosed and inscrutable as a Renaissance Pope," as London's fusty Financial Times saw her at the packed Royal Festival Hall, the arthritic spinster was rolled onstage in a wheelchair, regal in a red velvet gown, her hands glittering with four robin's-egg-size aquamarine rings. In her precise, lilting voice, she read seven of her poems, then was seated in a box between her literary brothers, sartorial Saxe-Verell, 65, and palsied Sir Osbert, 69, to hear musical renditions of her poetry conducted by Composer William Walton.



DAME EDITH SITWELL
Rolling regally.



WHICH GENTLEMAN JUST JOINED THE CADILLAC FAMILY?

Well . . . eavesdropping won't give you the answer. For the new owner, understandably, is full of spirited enthusiasm for his new possession. But so, too, is the veteran owner. And why not? The new 1963 Cadillac has the most advanced engine in fourteen years—smoother, quieter and more efficient. And the ride, handling, beauty and luxury are remarkably enhanced in this finest of Cadillac cars. The happy new member of the Cadillac clan is on the right. Could it be you?



Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation



These steel "eyes" can see a nose cone 3,000 miles away

Giant steel radar antennas, each one larger than a football field, are constantly searching the skies to give us instant warning of ballistic missiles launched on the other side of the earth. So sensitive they can spot a nose cone the size of a barrel 3,000 miles in space, each antenna is strong enough to withstand 110-mph winds. This strength comes from hundreds of tons of steel, much of it furnished by Bethlehem.

Three antennas at Clear, Alaska, and

four at Thule, Greenland, are operative as part of BMEWS (Ballistic Missile Early Warning System). For both locations Bethlehem supplied structural steel, steel tie-rods for bracing, forgings, and high-strength steel bolting.

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Kennedy Antenna Division of Electronics Specialty Co.

Detection Radar Sub-System Contractor:
General Electric

Prime System Contractor:
Radio Corporation of America

Program Management:
BMEWS Program Office, ESO

BETHLEHEM STEEL



EDUCATION

Dean of Deans

"You have shown the wisdom of your calling in declining a score of college presidencies," said the president of Williams College last June as he awarded an honorary doctor of letters. It was a tribute, at once wry and heartfelt, that could go to only one man in the U.S.: William C. DeVane, 64, who has announced that he



GEORGE KEELY

YALE'S DeVANE

A legend who was not a character.

will retire next June after a quarter-century as dean of Yale College.

DeVane's calling has little relation to that of the standard Hollywood dean, who is usually pictured sobering a wayward student with a paternal lecture, or wading manfully into a crowd of panty-raiders. In many of America's great universities, where the president has to operate and finance a gigantic organization, the dean has become the chief educator. His battles are with burgeoning graduate schools that threaten to bury the undergraduate college, with rival universities that want his best teachers and with a curriculum that can always be improved.

Scholar of Education. In this tradition, the dean of deans has long been William DeVane. In a poem for a 1960 Yale Daily News banquet honoring DeVane, former Harvard Dean McGeorge Bundy (now a White House january) described him as

This scier dean,

Adviser-dean

To deans by dozen—this soft-spoken Kaiser-dean.

Except for four years as chairman of Cornell's English department, DeVane has been at Yale ever since he arrived as an undergraduate from South Carolina. He graduated (Phi Beta Kappa) in 1920, was appointed assistant professor when he received his Ph.D. in 1926, and returned

from Cornell in 1938 as Emily Sanford professor of English literature as well as dean of Yale College. A first-rate scholar of Browning and Tennyson, the new dean became equally expert on faculty and curriculum, quietly carved out the reports and studies that have served as the basis for undergraduate education at Yale—and many another college.

Yale's intensified honors majors are now taken by a quarter of each class; another group takes divisional majors, which cut across departmental lines into such fields as politics and economics. The Directed Studies program provides exceptional underclassmen with a fixed, integrated two-year curriculum taught by some of Yale's leading scholars. At another extreme, a dozen seniors are selected Scholars of the House—freed from all classroom obligations in order to complete one major project.

The Long View. These programs, however, are only imaginative alternatives to the broad base of Yale undergraduate education that DeVane accepts as his primary responsibility. Noting the "increasingly fierce specialization of the graduate schools"—which eventually draw 75% of Yale College graduates—he insists on maintaining the breadth of liberal arts. "We have no time for the transient or the immediately applicable and quickly advantageous," he once explained to a gathering of Yale parents. "We aim to give the student the solid and permanent studies of man's concerns, a long view of man's life and a vision of the greatness to which he may aspire."

To maintain a faculty for this task, DeVane has shown a genius for academic administration and a quiet competitive fervor based on a simple goal: Yale preeminence in every field. One of his new problems, ironically, is the new national value placed on professors. Too often, says DeVane, "professors are absent from the classroom and often have abdicated from what they think is the humbler part of their calling." Instead, they are "in Washington on some policymaking committee, in a think-tank on a mountain in California, in New York at a committee meeting of their learned association. They're riddled by money, shot full of fellowships."

Unterrified Amateur. DeVane himself, to his occasional regret, was one of the early philosophers of the system that provides much of the money and fellowships. He helped write a report that established policy for the Ford Foundation, still serves on the Rockefeller-financed General Education Board. Nor has he been free of learned associations; he was chairman of the American Council of Learned Societies and is now president of Phi Beta Kappa.

In New Haven DeVane is a campus legend who is not a campus character. The story of how many university presidencies he has declined to remain at Yale—impressive enough in non-legendary form—often grows unchecked, since few would

broaden such a subject to the unassuming dean, Says Yale President A. Whitney Griswold: "A wise, kindly, modest man with learning in his marrow, he has represented to us all the good things for which we entered the teaching profession in the first place."

Scholar DeVane says he feels like an "unterrified amateur" among the professional, clean-desk deans. Of his own desk-cleaning method he admits, "I prefer to wait for a high wind." No wind having struck in the past few years, he has been forced to a small table in front of his loaded desk. There he works in longhand, or leans back to chat in soft, faintly Southern tones. The conversation is always gracious but, says one Yale official, contains "a gentle dig every few paragraphs just to let you know he's on to your game."

After retiring as dean, DeVane will continue to teach, hopes to finish another book on Browning—but not before completing one on a subject he has mastered as well: higher education in America.

New Presidents

Being dean has its rewards, but universities also need presidents. Last week:

► Kenneth Sanford Pitzer, 48, was inaugurated as Rice University's third president at a three-day academic festival marking Rice's 50th year and attended by 27 famed scholars, ranging from Nobel Laureate Albert Szent-Gyorgyi through Anthropologist Margaret Mead to Historian Arnold Toynbee. Pitzer had been dean of chemistry at the University of California's Berkeley campus, and before that director of research for the U.S.



BARNETT



PITZER

New leaders on campus.

Atomic Energy Commission. One of his main jobs at Rice will be to coordinate its scientific growth with that of its neighbor, the new National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Manned Spacecraft center near Houston.

► Vincent MacDowell Barnett Jr., 47, was named Colgate University's tenth president, stepping up from the chairmanship of the political science department he has held at Williams since 1946. An expert on economic aid, Barnett served the U.S. foreign aid program in Italy from 1948 to 1953, and was counselor for economic affairs at the U.S. embassy in Rome in 1958 and 1959. At Williams, Barnett is chairman of Williams' Center for Development Economics, which each year trains a group of graduate students from developing nations.

"I build my appointments on United's schedules —couldn't do business without them"

Back and forth coast to coast, border to border, to and from Hawaii, Mainliners are going at all convenient hours of the day and night.

Spanning the nation's skies, they unite a business community unmatched in our history. No one airline has ever had the responsibility of drawing together so many U. S. cities. And to serve them, it has been necessary for us to build up a fleet of jet aircraft never before equaled.

Like shuttles in a loom, the busy Mainliners come and go. And no single eye can see the pattern of appointments, meetings, sales, purchases, negotiations and transactions they help weave.

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us—as one often does—that he pretty much depends on us for "the swing" around his territory, we feel the responsibility in a very personal way.

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THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE



MEDICINE

New Drug Law

When President Kennedy put his signature last week on a bill called "Drug Amendments of 1962"—passed unanimously by both Senate and House—the purpose was clear: to protect the American public against dangerous medicines. But the measure had gone through so many changes that few doctors or patients could figure out just what had been enacted.

Though Tennessee's limelighting Senator Estes Kefauver won little support in Congress for his proposals to put the pharmaceutical industry in a straitjacket,

costly to all companies. The new law cannot be expected to lower the prices of any drugs, and may actually raise some by a few cents. Key provisions:

► No new drug can be marketed until the manufacturer has satisfied the FDA that it is both safe and effective. Under the old law, only safety had to be proved, and approval was automatic after 60 days unless FDA took negative action. Under the new law, approval will not come automatically, and FDA must give positive approval. Even after a drug is on the market, FDA can summarily order it withdrawn if evidence appears that the medicine is unsafe or ineffective. The old

(under its old-law powers) to give it tighter control of drug testing in man. Not yet formally approved and still subject to detailed amendment, these proposals require that a physician who wants to try a still unapproved drug on his patients must register with FDA, submit evidence of his qualifications, and keep full and accurate records.

On one point where doctors and drug-makers had been at odds with FDA men and many legislators, a sensible compromise was reached. Extremists crying "Human guinea pig!" had demanded that no doctor be allowed to give an investigational drug to a patient without telling him so. This would have made it impossible to compare the effects of a drug with those of an inert dummy (a placebo), as is now done in "double-blind" studies in which neither doctors nor patients know who is getting the active substance. So the law now says that doctors must tell patients what they are getting, "except where they deem it not feasible, or contrary to the best interests" of the patients. "The drug industry can live with that," said one of its spokesmen.

Border Crackdown

Because arthritis and rheumatism are painful and crippling and may drag on for a lifetime, despairing victims are easy prey for quacks. They spend an estimated \$250 million a year for treatments that are worthless—or, worse, dangerous. Last week the U.S. Food and Drug Administration banned the importation of one such dangerous "remedy" known as Liefcort, which a maverick Canadian doctor has been making in his basement.

U.S.-born Robert E. Liefmann, 42, graduated from Montreal's McGill University Faculty of Medicine, but has been involved in an eight-year hassle with licensing authorities and has never been licensed to practice. This has not kept him from treating patients in hospital research projects. He was suspended from Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital for implanting the pituitary glands of calves in the thighs of six arthritis patients. He did a research stint in Stockholm, experimenting with combinations of hormones as treatment for arthritis. Back in Canada, he mixed his Liefcort formula.

Publicity in the Montreal press and a tolerant article in *Look* won Liefmann a rich market for his concoction on both sides of the border; many Americans traveled to Canada to obtain Liefcort. One U.S. woman suffered such severe internal bleeding after taking Liefcort that she had to have an operation; pneumonia developed as a complication, and she died. Canadian arthritis experts report that men taking Liefcort have developed enlarged breasts, while women have grown beards. In both sexes there is a danger that peptic ulcers will start to bleed.

If Liefmann, now a Canadian citizen, ever appears south of the border, federal marshals will be waiting for him with a warrant charging that in 1957 he was peddling a "cure" for male baldness. It contained female hormones.



KELSEY & LARRICK WITH PRESIDENT KENNEDY
In the wake of panic, a general tightening up.

he was indisputably right when he said: "Few bills have had so varied a legislative history." In the end, it was not Kefauver's three-year investigation of the drug industry that put the reform legislation over, but the national shock over the thalidomide disaster (TIME, Aug. 10) and panic over the possibility that "it might happen here."

Raising Standards. After considering rival bills for months, leaders in both houses of Congress heard the wail of public anguish and feared that it would turn into a roar of indignation. They quickly got together and hammered out the reasonable compromise that Kennedy signed. Pleased spectators at the signing were the Food and Drug Administration's Commissioner George P. Larrick and Dr. Frances O. Kelsey, who kept thalidomide off the U.S. market.

To the spotlight drug companies, the new law will make little difference; their standards are already high. But second-team companies will have to raise their standards of quality and rigid control. That will cost money and hurt them competitively. Some borderline drugmakers may be put out of business. The keeping of many more detailed records will be

law prescribed a long legal procedure to obtain withdrawal, and then only when danger had been proved.

Before any drug is even tested in human beings, the manufacturer must give FDA evidence that it has had adequate testing in animals—this will include pregnant animals—and appears safe.

► Every drug container, package, leaflet and advertisement to doctors must show the general or "established" name of the drug in type at least half as big as that of the trade name. Package inserts and ads to doctors must contain a warning of undesirable effects.

► Every batch of every antibiotic for use in man must be tested by government laboratories. Under the old law, some antibiotics were so tested, but not all.

► Every plant in which a drug is manufactured or processed in any way will now have to be registered with FDA, inspected at least every two years, and open to inspection at any time.

New Regulations. Ironically, there is nothing in the new law that could with certainty prevent a repetition of the thalidomide disaster. But while the bill was working its way to the White House, FDA drew up a set of new regulations



This is Stouffer's Frozen Spinach Soufflé, shown here served with Stouffer's Frozen Welsh Rarebit. Taste its tender, leaf spinach, finely chopped and blended with pure milk, whole eggs and fresh butter. These good things make half the difference in Stouffer's. The other half is cooks who care.



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The Baja Run! (WHERE, IF YOU THINK YOU BUILD A TOUGH TRUCK, YOU FIND OUT!)



To show the strength and value of new '63 Chevrolet truck engines, frames, suspensions and narrow front ends . . . we took on and whipped the toughest run under the sun—Mexico's Baja (bah'hah) Peninsula!

These are pictures of the trek down the peninsula—a thousand miles that seemed like a million. This part of the trip took 17 days.

Below Ensenada, only 140 miles from the border, the road turns into a winding trail studded with rocks and hard-baked ruts that bang, punch, jab and jerk the trucks from stem to stern.

Loose sand makes them struggle and strain. Dust chokes them. Heat

roasts them. Rivers drench them. It's nature's proving ground for trucks—bearing no resemblance to the modern highways on the Mexican mainland.

The expedition was self-sufficient—all food, water, fuel and other supplies were carried.

The farthest distance covered in any one day was 200 miles in 19 hours; shortest was 32 miles in 9 hours. Highest temperature encountered was 122 degrees F. at Chapala Dry Lake;

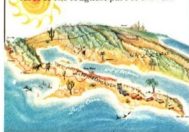
maximum elevation was 5,000 feet.

The trucks performed magnificently. Each day's run was completed on schedule. No major mechanical difficulties were experienced. The trip helped to prove that 1963 Chevrolet trucks are the toughest, best-performing units we've ever built.

See these quality trucks now at your Chevrolet dealer's.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Round trip from Detroit to the bottom of Baja California, Mexico, is over 8,000 miles. Here are pictures of the toughest part of the run.



Entering El Rosario, second day out. The road's beginning to worsen. We see a few trucks, people on burros or horseback. The worst, we know, is yet to come.



We creep along for hours in low gear. This road makes you appreciate good suspension systems. Look at that front wheel feeling its way over the ruts!



Dust and more dust. We space out more so we can see better. Oh, for a good crosswind. And a bath. The trucks could stand one, too. Wishful thinking.



Slow, weary going. Try to make time here and you're asking for trouble. If this isn't a test for frames and sheet metal, nothing is. Tight squeeze up ahead.



Dry Lake. Dry is right. And hot. It's 122 degrees F. The trail has disappeared here, but the guide knows where he's going. Trucks just keep rolling. No trouble at all.



Water. Fast and deep. A bridge builder would go broke down here. The rocks on that river bottom are the size of melons but everybody makes it across.



Need a shoe horn here but the big trucks make it. The narrower front ends pay off (up to 7" narrower on conventional medium- and heavy-duty units this year).



Hope nobody's coming the other way. Brakes are getting a good workout. Shifted gears 17 times in the last 10 minutes. We creep along to be safe.



Not far from La Paz now. The country's beginning to flatten out. Then on to Cabo San Lucas at the tip. It's been a hard trip. We know these trucks are tough.



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Vodka 80 Proof. Dist. from 100% Grain. Gilbey's Dist. London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Cin., O. Distr. by Nat'l Dist. Prod. Co.



The CHAMPS ELYSEES, Paris, as interpreted by artist John Morda

"The World Agrees On 'Gilbey's, please'!" because this smooth, dry, flavorful gin makes a world of difference in a drink. Taste why the frosty-bottle gin is a favorite in America and throughout the world. And remember...GILBEY'S is the best name in Gin and Vodka.

Gilbey's Gin



ROY HOWARD (FRONT & CENTER) WITH SCRIPPS-HOWARD EDITORS AT ANNUAL MEETING, FRENCH LICK, SEPTEMBER 1962
Local editors know best how to run local newspapers.

The Chain Scripps Forged

Viewed from almost any angle, the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain appears to make little economic or editorial sense. Among its 18 dailies, dire poverty mingles with impressive wealth: the Cleveland Press expects to show a \$2,000,000 profit this year, while in Columbus, just 140 miles away, the anemic Citizen-Journal must ration pencils to reporters. The chain has not one headquarters but three: in Washington, New York and Cincinnati. It speaks with a single voice from Washington on national and international matters, but encourages diversity on the local level. And while the typical newspaper chain strives to establish monopolies, Scripps-Howard tries to avoid them. In Memphis, the only city where a Scripps-Howard monopoly exists, the Commercial Appeal and the Press-Scimitar have quarreled hotly for 25 years—with full management approval.

Despite all this—and to an extent because of it—Scripps-Howard is the most viable and most successful newspaper chain in the U.S. It has endured for 84 years, longer than any other group, including the venerable Hearstpapers (age: 75). Unlike Hearst, which loses money on newspapering despite a circulation larger than Scripps-Howard's 3,074,150, Scripps-Howard has consistently made money from birth. This year, on gross revenues of \$200 million—which includes income from two feature syndicates, seven profitable broadcasting stations (four TV and three radio) and United Press International wire service—it will clear a thumping after-taxes profit of \$10 million to \$12 million. Whatever the reasons, the Scripps-Howard system indisputably works.

Carefully Groomed. One good reason why it works is that there is little meddling from the top. An abiding Scripps-Howard conviction, first enunciated by the late Edward Wyllys Scripps, who founded the chain, is that local editors

THE PRESS

know best how to run local newspapers. Scripps-Howard editors are carefully groomed—their average period of service is 33 years—and then are delegated considerable power, right down to screening the ads in their newspapers.

Even the national and international editorial line projected by management is charted under consultation with the editors. Policy is framed at an annual meeting of officers and editors, and the process is democratic, at least in form. "We reach decisions by common consent," says Walker Stone, Scripps-Howard's editor in chief. Based on this common consent, a group composed of Stone and four editorial writers daily distributes editorials throughout the empire. Editors are expected to run them, and usually do, but no compulsion is involved. Fortnight ago, in segregationist Birmingham, Ala., the Scripps-Howard Post-Herald rejected an

angry editorial that compared Mississippi's rioting white supremacists to Nazis. Editor in Chief Stone was not surprised. Said he: "The editors have to modify their approach to suit their audiences."

Military Mustache. In the same laissez-faire spirit, Jack R. Howard, 52, president and general editorial manager of Scripps-Howard newspapers, presides over the editorial show from the chain's New York headquarters. After a thorough apprenticeship on half a dozen Scripps-Howard papers, Jack Howard reached his present eminence by right of royal succession: he is the only son of Roy W. Howard, the late E. W. Scripps's long-time partner, who is still active at 79 as Scripps-Howard's executive committee chairman. But about the only regal touches that Jack Howard permits himself are a military mustache (like his father's) and a taste for resplendent dress (noisy suits, shrieking ties and shirts). He rules lightly, exercising his control largely by critiquing the editors' monthly reports and by visiting each paper once or twice a year.

Nor do Scripps's grandsons, who inherited his empire and vote 80% of Scripps-Howard stock, trespass on editorial prerogative. In fact, they are scarcely interested. From the chain's third headquarters in Cincinnati, Grandson Charles W. Scripps, 42, board chairman of the controlling E. W. Scripps Co., is concerned mainly with implementing a directive handed down by his grandfather: "Never do business except at a profit." Says Charles Scripps: "We're constantly watching the profit picture. The minute you let up, the profits go down."

Flourish or Flounder. The calculated result of such hands-off supervision is a press confederacy whose members take strength from association but are permitted to flourish or flounder almost entirely on their own. Scripps-Howard papers do both, in a pattern as diversified as the U.S. press at large. Items:

► Perennially third in a field of three pa-



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JACK HOWARD & CHARLES SCRIPPS
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THE SCRIPPS-HOWARD CHAIN

§AM	1PM	Daily Circulation (March ABC)	Daily Circulation (March 1952)	Sunday Circulation	Founded or Acquired
N.Y. World-Telegram & Sun†		460,833	566,923		1927
Cleveland Press†		382,358	313,752		1878
Pittsburgh Press†		363,604	288,798	730,085	1923
Cincinnati Post & Times-Star†		257,352	155,376*		1883
Memphis Commercial Appeal†		224,135	195,880	264,184	1936
Cincinnati Enquirer†		199,654	181,398	294,180	1956
Washington Daily News†		188,775	141,872		1921
Denver Rocky Mountain News†		185,213	142,787	185,985	1926
Memphis Press-Scimitar†		144,870	128,626		1906
Columbus Citizen-Journal†		110,266	100,435*		1899
Knoxville News-Sentinel†		105,681	104,687	143,400	1926
Birmingham Post-Herald†		96,646	82,817		1921
Houston Press†		94,436	122,606		1911
Indianapolis Times†		89,150	100,560	105,300	1922
Fort Worth Press†		56,047	51,508	61,085	1921
Evansville Press†		42,052	44,643	97,382	1906
El Paso Herald-Post†		41,384	37,863		1922
Albuquerque Tribune†		31,694	22,998		1923

* Before merger.

pers, the tabloid Washington Daily News not only returns a tidy profit but has taught its bigger competitors a journalistic trick or two. Shrewdly leaving politics to the Post (Democratically inclined) and the Star (Republican), bulky, freckled Editor John O'Rourke beams his paper at the capital's sizable Negro population and the army of Government civil service workers, reaching them with some of the sprightliest headlines and the best all-round news play in the capital. The News's superior Latin American coverage—a personal interest of Editor O'Rourke's—has prompted the Post and the Star to follow suit.

▶ Also last in a field of three, the Houston Press, by contrast, is seriously ill. Down to 20-page issues and a local repertorial staff of eleven (against the Chronicle's 71 and the Post's 28), the Press has lost touch with its community. Sample banner headline: GARRY MOORE SUEVED FOR \$40,000. Once known as the only fighting newspaper in Houston, the Press these days shows less stomach for a scrap.

▶ In El Paso, on the Rio Grande, the Herald-Post is the prosperous and aggressive reflection of Editor Ed Pooley, 64, who has spent 30 years fighting everything from pigeons to cops on the make. Pooley has steadfastly championed the cause of "Juan Smith," his symbol for the city's Mexican-Americans, helped elect El Paso's first Mexican-American mayor in 1957.

▶ In Memphis, the Commercial Appeal and Press-Scimitar share the same quarters and the same mechanical department, but remain bitter and irreconcilable editorial rivals. The Press-Scimitar, more liberal than the Appeal, has sided with Democrat Estes Kefauver since his first U.S. Senate race in 1948; the Appeal waited until 1954 to endorse Kefauver.

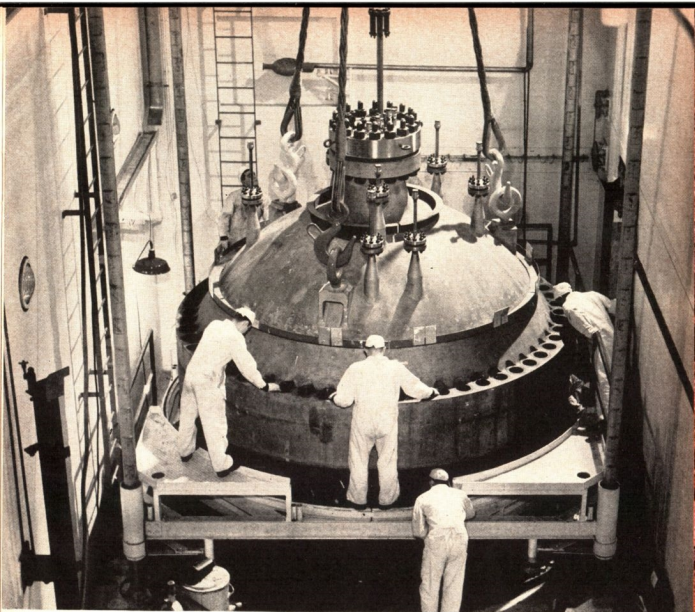
© An arrangement, born of economic necessity, that Scripps-Howard not only endorses but invented. The first U.S. daily to operate jointly with the opposition was the Albuquerque Tribune, a Scripps-Howard paper. Eight of the chain's 18 papers now operate jointly, either with sister or competitive papers,

then changed its mind and opposed him two years ago. The Appeal does not lack for courage. Circulating in an area preponderantly segregationist, it nevertheless printed an editorial of its own on the Mississippi riots that was fully as forthright as the chain editorial spun out of Washington.

▶ In Cincinnati, the two Scripps-Howard papers are so independent that the chain does not consider Cincinnati a true monopoly, although it owns the only two dailies in town. The morning Enquirer has been a chain possession since 1956, but Publisher Roger Ferger does not go to the annual meetings (he is not invited) and does not receive the Washington-written editorials (he would not run them). Nor does the Scripps-Howard lighthouse beam from the Enquirer's masthead. The Enquirer endorsed Ohio Republican William O'Neill for Governor in 1958, the Post & Times-Star supported Democrat Mike Di Salle.

▶ To an even greater degree than the Cincinnati Post, the Cleveland Press picks local candidates without regard to their political hue. After supporting Di Salle in 1958, this year, disenchanted with his performance, it came out for Republican James R. Rhodes. One of the chain's most profitable papers, the Press is thoroughly embedded in the community, thanks to the direction of peppy, longtime (34 years) Editor Louis B. Seltzer, 65, who has won the title of "Mr. Cleveland." Seltzer pays close attention to Cleveland's minorities, has made his paper's endorsement so valuable that it is often tantamount to election. The Press helped boost Frank Lausche from municipal judge to Cleveland mayor to Ohio Governor to U.S. Senator—a triple assist that Lausche himself acknowledges—and also helped elect present Health, Education and Welfare Commissioner Anthony Celebrezze to the Cleveland mayor's chair.

▶ Scripps-Howard's biggest newspaper, New York's World-Telegram and Sun, is a pale and lackluster product of three mergers that fails to give the chain an effective New York voice. Running in an



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These "men in white" are finding better ways to get electric power from the atom

More than 120 investor-owned electric power companies all over the nation are now participating in 24 atomic power development projects of many different types. This is a \$700,000,000 program. It is one part of the investor-owned electric companies' continuing research effort to find ever more efficient ways to keep America supplied with abundant low-cost electric power in the years to come.

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Jones Dairy Farm!*

In this rich farm country of Southern Wisconsin, we still make Jones Sausage the same way we did a century ago—from choice cuts of tender young pork—hams, loins, shoulders, and seasoned with fine natural spices. At better markets everywhere. Have a Jones breakfast this Sunday!

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Practically all current Mutual Benefit life and endowment plans have cash and loan values as soon as the *first* year's premium is paid. In the early years, these values are generally the highest paid by any company. This is one of the "Seven Significant Benefits" of every Mutual Benefit Life insurance policy. Write us for information about the others.

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MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

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afternoon field of second-rate competition, the World-Telegram features such Page One pap as a series of blurbs about the paper's rejiggering of its comic page ("We want to know what you think"). From the circulation ground lost by Manhattan's three evening papers after going to a dime in 1957, the World-Telegram has made the poorest recovery. Present circulation: 460,883, some 100,000 below the 1957 figure.

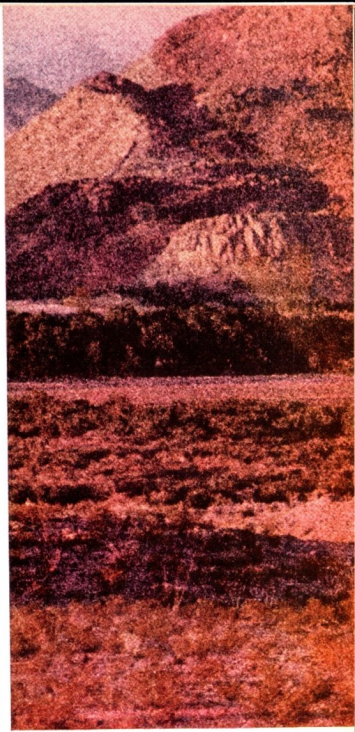
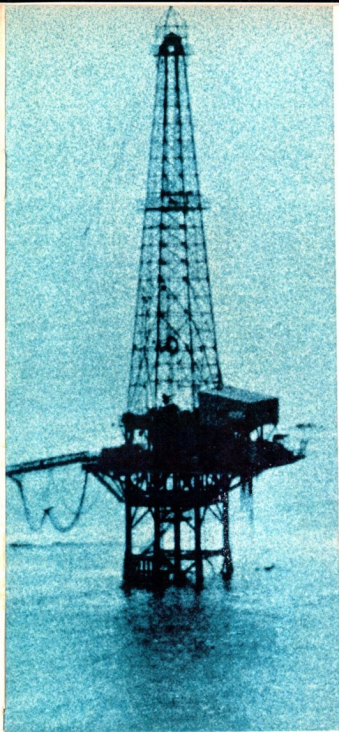
However handsomely the Scripps-Howard chain as a whole meets its founder's injunction to show a profit, it frequently falls short of what he would have liked it to be. Its canned editorials not only relieve the editors of reaching their own conclusions about national and international affairs, but also often fall on deaf or mystified ears. "They write editorials about national stories that haven't even appeared in the paper," laments a housewife from Albuquerque, where the chain operates the evening Tribune. Because many Scripps-Howard papers use only the chain-owned U.P.I. wire service, they are often scooped by other newspapers with full wire coverage.

Now and then, some chain member still flashes signs of the old crusading fire, historically a hallmark of Scripps-Howard papers. Two Scripps-Howard Washington reporters dug up some of the first pay dirt in the Billie Sol Estes scandal. The Washington Daily News has crusaded loudly against expensive junkets and payroll padding by U.S. Congressmen. On the editorial side, Scripps-Howard's Washington-based editorialists have come out for sanity in the federal budget, against unilateral tax cuts, against wasting troops in Laos ("We cannot save a far-off country which doesn't care whether it is saved or not"), for holding the line in Berlin and, less expectedly, for John F. Kennedy's cautious approach to Cuba.

In the days before newsmagazines and TV began reporting and interpreting the news to the whole country, Scripps-Howard spent more of their time and space crusading and explaining national issues to their readers. Today they have followed the general newspaper trend and become more local, immersing themselves in parochial crusading that ranges from the admirable to the ridiculous.

At Least Elastic. As if conscious of the pitfalls of comfortable old age, Scripps-Howard has in recent months chopped some of its most seasoned timber. Patriarchal Roy Howard has gradually stripped himself of all of his titles but chairman of the executive committee, and several aging Scripps-Howard editors have been replaced. Morale and pay are both often low on Scripps-Howard newspapers, many of which are under-staffed and penny-pinched. But enthusiasm still has room to grow in the nurturing climate of local autonomy, and management now makes a point of trying to attract younger men.

It is unlikely that such injections of relatively young blood will materially change an operation that has worked well since E. W. Scripps established the Penny Press (later the Cleveland Press) on a



We've struck oil in the Persian Gulf... where will we strike next?

Our American International Oil subsidiary has found oil in some pretty out-of-the-way places. Like near Kharg Island in the Persian Gulf. (If you think that location has an interesting ring to it, how about the Cha Cha Gallup field, New Mexico, in which another of our subsidiaries has an interest?) We're looking in Indonesia, surveying in Hadhramaut, wildcatting in Mozambique, and drilling in Libya, to mention just a few of our current projects. Where will we strike next? Wherever in the world we can find potential worth tapping.

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Major Subsidiaries: American Oil / American International Oil / Amoco Chemicals / Indiana Oil Purchasing / Pan American Petroleum / Service Pipe Line / Tulsco Gas Products

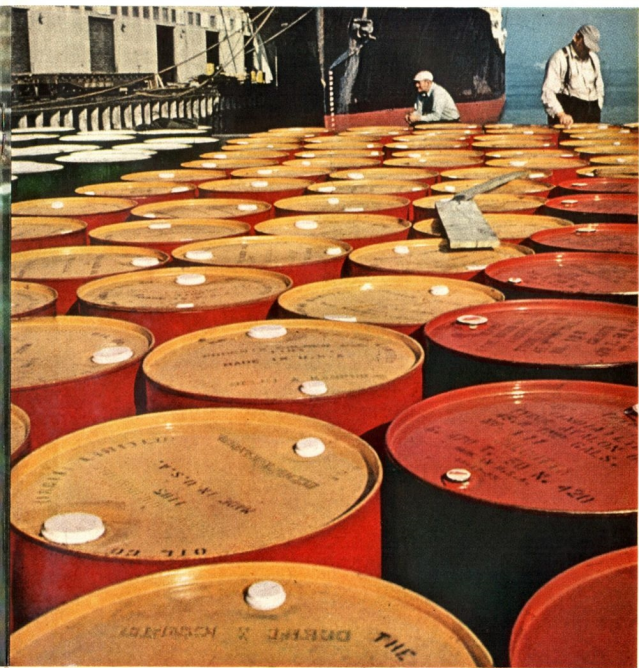


"We have our eye on a clothing manufacturer whose line complements ours. Can you help us develop a merger plan?"



Typical questions that are asked of a bank? Perhaps not. But quite typical of the questions asked regularly of the bankers at First National City. Covering a wide range of both domestic and foreign

business, questions like these come in daily from all over the country. Where do we find the answers? From our broad experience with every type of business. The top 100 corporations in the United States are customers of ours, as are most of the next 500. Ninety-one branches in



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**"Competition and foreign regulations are forcing us
to export in bulk. Do you know of a firm
in the Common Market who could package and distribute for us?"**

thirty-two foreign countries help keep us well-informed and up to the minute on business abroad. This combination of domestic and foreign experience has very often proved invaluable to First National City Bank customers. Is your business making use of it to the fullest degree? If

not, call on us more often. Challenge us. Throw us some tough ones. The thing we enjoy most about banking is applying our experience with many businesses, to the job of helping your business prosper... "a wide breadth of business experience, brought to your business in depth."

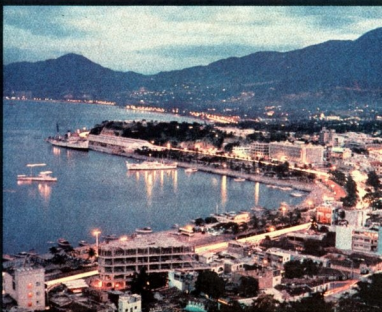
FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
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So near...and
yet so foreign—

Mexico



borrowed \$10,000 in 1878. Good and bad, fat and lean, solvent and insolvent, the Scripps-Howard newspapers are at the very least elastic. Uncumbered by the kind of tyrannical direction with which the late William Randolph Hearst suffocated initiative in his press empire, they remain supple enough to move with the times. And the times have undoubtedly changed vastly since the days of E. W. Scripps. "Newspapers, I like to think," says Roy Howard, "are the common denominator of public thinking. In the old days, newspapers thundered at their readers. Now they are down among them."

New Boss for the A. P.

"I've given 33 years to the Associated Press, and it's been very demanding," said Frank J. Starzel. "I can illustrate it best by repeating something one of my children said to my wife some years ago: 'Is there anything wrong with Daddy? He's



A.P.'s GALLAGHER

Daddy will be home for Thanksgiving."

going to be home for Thanksgiving." Last week the A.P.'s Starzel took a step that will assure him Thanksgivings at home from now on. At 58, seven years short of compulsory retirement age, he is leaving his post as general manager of the world's largest wire service.

Starzel's retirement came as no surprise to A.P. President Benjamin M. McKelway, who was notified of his intent three years ago. As Starzel's successor, the board of directors quickly—and predictably—chose his own second-in-command: Wes Gallagher, 51, a tall, spare and unflamboyant A.P. veteran of 25 years' experience, who has been assistant general manager since 1954.

California-born Wes Gallagher attended the University of San Francisco and Louisiana State University, joined the A.P.'s Buffalo bureau in 1937 after a reporting stint on the Baton Rouge Morning Advocate and State Times (where he covered

the assassination of Huey P. Long). Sent to Europe in 1940, he arrived in Copenhagen just in time to witness the Nazi invasion of Denmark. As a war correspondent, he covered the Allied invasion of North Africa in 1942, also served in Greece, the Balkans and Austria. He was recalled to A.P.'s New York headquarters in 1951.

Gallagher takes charge of a wire service that expanded by 25% during Frank Starzel's 14-year tenure. A cooperative, the A.P. has a total membership of 8,620, including some 4,500 publications and broadcasting stations abroad. U.S. membership: 1,400 daily newspapers, 350 weekly newspapers and other publications, 2,371 radio and TV stations. United Press International, the other U.S. wire service, claims a total clientele of 6,569, including 2,087 outside the U.S.

Admittedly "confused" by his abrupt elevation, the A.P.'s new general manager has no immediate program beyond re-emphasizing the A.P.'s increasing role in interpretive reporting: "To sort out what is important is the primary function of a news service today. We have created, and we will create more, special writers who can concentrate on technical areas."

Hello & Goodbye

On the newsroom bulletin board at the New York Herald Tribune appeared a notice of consuming interest to all staffers. "I'm stepping out as editor," it read. "I am sure you all know that the independence of the editorial department has always been one of my principal concerns. I am deeply grateful to all of you who gave me an earnest and honorable helping hand." Thus last week Editor John Denison, 59, abruptly ended his 19-month tenure on the Tribune.

Denison's vague hint that a jurisdictional dispute prompted his resignation was confirmed by Tribune Publisher John Hay Whitney in another bulletin board advisory that went up shortly after Denison's. "The management of the paper has found it desirable to propose certain organizational changes as well as changes in the operating procedure," Whitney wrote. "These proposals were rejected by Mr. Denison, and he is no longer with the Herald Tribune."

The departure again set in motion one of the most peripatetic newsmen in the U.S. press. Since 1921, Denison has filled slots on a press wire service, five magazines (including seven years as *Newsweek* editor), a radio network and five dailies in three cities. At the Trib, his splashy style, unorthodox headlines and capsule summations of the news made the paper sprightlier in appearance.

Whitney did not immediately replace Denison. Instead, he changed the title of James Gilbert Bellows, 39—whom Denison brought in from the Miami News last year—from executive editor to managing editor, and placed Bellows in editorial charge. With that, staffers on a paper that has changed editorial command four times in four years devoutly hoped that the Tribune would settle down for a while.



So near...and yet so foreign—

Mexico

Quite close at hand—just across the border, in fact—you can visit a land alluringly "foreign", with an infinite variety of things to see and do. Its name is Mexico.

You'll find many Mexicos, and you'll love each one of them. By the sea, you'll thrill to the Mexico of sparkling beaches and famed resorts. You'll swim year round beneath the sun or the moon of Acapulco, where the water's so mild you can swim at night...or go skin-diving...or perhaps even catch a squill from a boat chartered at rates to fit your vacation budget.

Then, too, you'll find the Mexico of the mountains. High up among them is Mexico City, a great world metropolis. Here you'll discover soaring modern buildings...floating gardens...bull-fights...night spots...theatres and the famous Folkloric Ballet. Fine restaurants will offer you delicious Mexican food—suave or caliente, mild or spicy—and international cuisine besides. Hotels! They're fabulous throughout Mexico. Some are ultra-modern, some were originally colonial places. You'll pay far less than you'd pay back home, and get wonderful attentive service in the bargain. The people of Mexico are naturally warm and hospitable, and will welcome you with open arms.

Like to explore a little? Look in your atlas for the map of Mexico—because a whole "other Mexico" awaits you. On the west coast, Veracruz, Tampico, and the Isle of Cozumel. Merida in the Yucatan peninsula, and ancient Oaxaca. In the mountains, Taxco, Puebla, San Miguel Allende and colonial Guanajuato—historic cities and hide-away villages await you everywhere. You'll enjoy folk-dancing, and listen to the music of strolling mariachis. You'll shop at bargain prices for conversation-piece serapes, pottery, silver, jewelry and leather goods, in the shops and open-air markets...

And whenever you go, you'll sense the incredible past of the gracious, industrious Mexican people. Aztec, Toltec, Zapotec and Mayan monuments rise up on every hand. So, too, do magnificent Spanish buildings, and the breath-taking art and architecture of the dynamic Mexican present. So near, and yet so foreign...Mexico is everything you dreamed about, an unforgettable experience. More to see, to do and to photograph than any other land. More to enjoy—and more to remember.

See your travel agent, or write:

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Please enclose your address label
when you write TIME



It will speed identification of your sub-
scription and enable us to answer your
correspondence quickly.



Smoke
**BOND
STREET**
the pipe tobacco
that stays lit



SCIENCE

SPACE

Mariner's Progress

Last week the Mariner II spacecraft was 7,651,352 miles away from the earth and 28.9 million miles this side of Venus, its destination. As Mariner barreled away from the earth at 7,724 miles an hour toward a scheduled approach to Venus on Dec. 14, Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory announced that it will pass somewhat farther away from Venus than predicted—20,900 miles instead of 9,000 miles. The small rocket that adjusted its course on Sept. 4 seems to have pushed it slightly too hard, increasing its speed by 47 m.p.h. instead of 45.

But Mariner II will pass plenty close enough to Venus to get a good look. Even at 40,000 miles, its radar and other scientific instruments will be effective if they work properly. Meanwhile, its en route instruments are measuring the solar wind, the great blast of electrically charged particles that the sun shoots out in all directions. At present the wind is rather gentle, but it can rise to hurricane force when a brilliant flare erupts on the sun's surface.

Another instrument carried by Mariner II counts micrometeorites. According to its latest reports, these tiny particles of cosmic dust are surprisingly scarce in interplanetary space, about one-thousandth as numerous as near the earth. Apparently the earth somehow concentrates them; they may be falling toward it or revolving around it like microscopic satellites.

ASTRONOMY

Asteroids: They Could Become Cabins in the Sky

Asteroids are familiar ground for many fictional characters, including Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's charming "Little Prince," who lives on asteroid B-612 and cleans out its two active volcanoes with a plumber's helper. But real-life spacemen have largely ignored the small, airless planets in their race to reach the moon and Mars. This is a big mistake, reported General Electric Engineer George M. Kohler to a recent international meeting of astronomers in Bulgaria. Asteroids are not only interesting in themselves, but may prove useful to man—and space explorers should go after them.

Most asteroids stay on the far side of Mars, but at least twelve are known whose eccentric orbits carry them near the earth. Since all of these were found by sheer accident (such as streaks showing on telescope photographs), there must be plenty more like them that are still unknown. Very large near-approach asteroids are surely scarce, but Kohler estimates that between 10 million and 10 billion objects 30 ft. to 300 ft. in diameter pass each year within 20 million miles of the earth. A good number of them probably come much closer, perhaps within several hundred thousand miles. Kohler urges that a careful search be made for these visitors

with special electronic telescopes. If an asteroid promises to make a close approach to the earth in the near future, he urges, it should become a prospective target for space explorers.

As intimacy with asteroids increases, thinks Kohler, space voyagers may hitchhike on them, finding shelter from radiation, and perhaps fuel or structural material. Even a small asteroid will provide a steady base for telescopes. If an asteroid



ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY—HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

LITTLE PRINCE ON B-612
Spacemen may also hitchhike.

is traveling roughly parallel to the earth, it might be steered into an earth orbit. Then it could be hollowed out and used by spacemen as a roomy, steady, well-shielded satellite base.

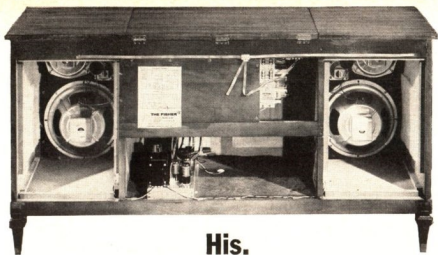
TECHNOLOGY

Microscopic Microphone

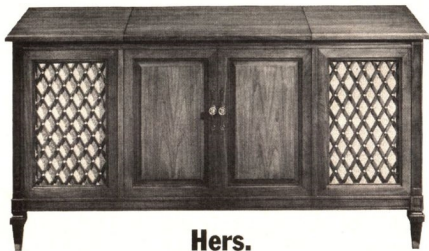
A microphone as small as a pinhead? It is on its way. A Raytheon Co. scientist has discovered that transistors, which are far smaller than any ordinary microphones, have areas that can detect fantastically faint mechanical forces and translate them into sizeable changes of voltage—just as a microphone does.

The discovery was made by Dr. Wilhelm Rindner while he was poking under a microscope with a delicate probe, studying surface defects on a tiny transistor. The transistor was hooked up to a voltmeter, and Dr. Rindner soon noticed something peculiar: even his gentlest pokes at the transistor made the voltmeter fluctuate. He concluded that the transistor was sensitive to pressure as well as to electrical effects.

Dropping his regular research to investigate, Dr. Rindner led a Raytheon task force in painstakingly devising a tiny bit of metal shaped like a thumb tack and mounting it so that its stem pressed on a transistor's sensitive spot. This device,



His.



Hers.

No conflict. No battle of the sexes. A Fisher stereo console instantly reconciles the male way and the female way of looking at things.

Does *he* demand engineering perfection behind that back cover—in loudspeakers, amplifiers, tuners, record changers, cartridges and all the rest? More power to him. Does *she* insist on supreme elegance and beauty in cabinetry? She should.

Please tell *him*, madam, that Fisher is the only maker of stereophonic radio-phonograph consoles who is at the same time a leading manufacturer of separate high fidelity components. That these separate Fisher tuners, amplifiers and other components have been the first choice of technically inclined sound enthusiasts and professional users since the

dawn of the high fidelity era. That *his* favorite FM station most probably monitors and relays its own broadcasts with a Fisher FM tuner. And that the 'insides' of a Fisher stereo console actually consist of uncompromising adaptations of famous Fisher component designs.

Then it's your turn to tell *her*, sir, that Fisher flatly refuses to build this superb electronic gear into anything but the most luxurious furniture. That a Fisher cabinet would add a touch of magnificence to any interior, even if it contained no stereo equipment. And that the woods and finishes used by Fisher are so far above the usual standard in radio-phonographs that comparisons are almost embarrassing. (As if she couldn't tell at a glance!)

The new Fisher Ambassador V, shown here in Italian Provincial walnut, houses two 12-inch 'woofers,' two 8-inch mid-range speakers, two 3½-inch 'tweeters,' a 60-watt stereo power amplifier, a stereo master control unit, an AM-FM-Multiplex stereo tuner, and the Garrard Type A four-speed automatic turntable with Pickering stereo cartridge and diamond stylus.

The 1963 Fisher stereo consoles come in 29 different models, styles and finishes, from \$400 to \$2,695.

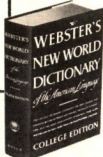
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The Fisher



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smaller than a pinhead, performed as an excellent microphone. It can be made to transmit music faithfully, and can even pick up ultrasonic sounds to which the human ear does not respond.

Raytheon has high hopes for its near-microscopic microphone. Aside from countless possible uses in industry or the entertainment world or even in spacecraft, the microphone could certainly be used to great advantage in hearing aids, which could be made small enough to fit invisibly inside the ear. A hearing aid could be made even smaller, but the scientists feel that too small a device might get lost in the ear canal.

New Specialties

Back in the age of innocence when the world was a simpler place, science was divided into a few well-defined divisions, such as chemistry, physics and biology. At first they subdivided into specialties (acoustics, optics, biochemistry) whose names were reasonably self-explanatory. But those days are gone forever. In cocktail party chitchat and in the importunate advertisements of companies trying to pirate talented scientists, laymen are now confronted by specialties whose names mean little or nothing in normal, educated English.

Some of the current crop that laymen are exposed to more and more and understand less and less:

CRYOGENICS: Physics of extreme low temperatures close to absolute zero; of growing importance in many fields, including electronics and computers.

AEROTHERMODYNAMICS: Behavior of hot, fast-moving gases, as in jet engines and rockets.

DATA PROCESSING: Handling of information in all ways, from simple business machines to giant computers.

POLYMER CHEMISTRY: Study of large molecules that are made of many small molecules bonded together; plastics, rubbers, synthetic fibers and many natural materials are polymers.

CELESTIAL MECHANICS: Formerly concerned with movements of planets, now also with those of man-made spacecraft.

SOLID STATE PHYSICS: Study of electrical properties of solid materials; includes the design of transistors, is perhaps the fastest-growing part of electronics.

MICROBIOLOGY: All biologists use microscopes, but microbiologists study microorganisms such as bacteria and protozoa.

PLASMA PHYSICS: Has nothing to do with blood plasma, concerns the electrically charged gases that physicists call plasmas.

MOLECULAR BIOLOGY: An esoteric kind of biochemistry that deals with the large molecules that control the growth and reproduction of living organisms.

HIGH ENERGY PHYSICS: Basic investigation of matter and energy performed with the help of giant particle accelerators; very long-haired stuff.

MAGNETOHYDRODYNAMICS: Study of behavior of plasmas (see above) in magnetic fields; very important for astronomy, electronics and missile technology.



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WHAT IT'S LIKE INSIDE: Cessna makes airplanes which carry from 2 to 6 people. A 4-place one, like the new 1963 Cessna Skyhawk on the opposite page, is probably the most like your car — particularly if you have an expensive 4-place model. There are individual finger-tip-adjustable seats. The entire cabin is fashioned with rich fabrics and deep carpeting. You can choose from several color schemes. And it's fully appointed with convenience items such as armrests, ash trays, cigarette lighter, hat shelf, storage pockets, etc.

THE INSTRUMENT PANEL may appear formidable at first, but you could learn to read it at a glance in a couple of hours. Actually you could safely fly the plane with only a few of the instruments; the rest make it easier. (That's why many instruments are optional equipment.) Radios give you weather reports every half hour, keep you in touch with the ground, and help you land at large airports. Other instruments zero in on radio waves and make navigation a simple matter of watching a needle point the way. One of the most convenient items of optional equipment is:

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All prices with std. equip., f.a.f. Wichita.



Shining example for millions of telephones to follow

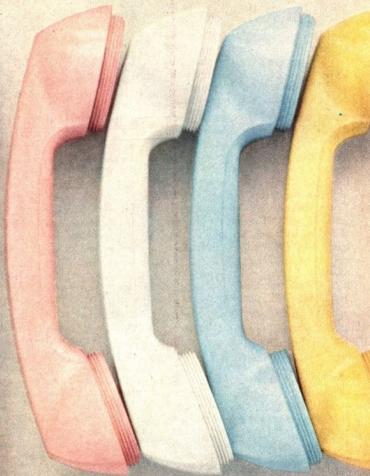
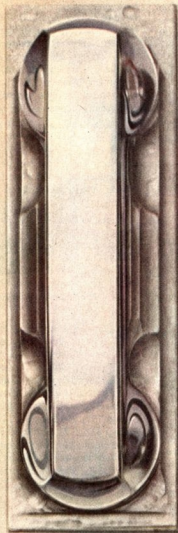
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MUSIC

The Bs That Made Milwaukee

At Milwaukee's General Mitchell Field one day last week, a landing airliner was greeted by a 100-piece high school band, a chorus of can-canning cheerleaders and a cluster of city officials. Out stepped Milwaukee's Ralph Votapek, 23, to be greeted by Mayor Henry Maier. "For too long," intoned the mayor, "Milwaukee has been symbolized to the rest of the nation only by beer and the Braves. Now, thanks to Ralph Votapek, we have added a third and very important B to our national honors—Beethoven." He proclaimed Ralph Votapek Day and announced that Votapek's name would appear in neon lights on the city-hall tower.

The recipient of all these honors had just won the first Van Cliburn International Piano competition, and with it the largest cash prize—\$10,000—ever given a performing artist in the U.S. Votapek, a pupil of Cliburn's teacher Rosina Lhevinne, had to beat out 45 contestants from 16 nations, including two fine Soviet pianists who finished second and third. A soft-spoken, shy young man, he played the Prokofiev *Third Piano Concerto* and the first movement of the Beethoven *Fourth*, singing his way into their reflective passages and kindling fire from their climaxes with an ease and fluidity that immediately impressed the judges.

With the whopping cash prize went various other rewards: a recital in Carnegie Hall, a concert in London's Royal Festival Hall, a European tour, an S. Hurok-sponsored tour of the U.S., Canada and Latin America. For a time, Pianist Votapek did not know whether he could accept any of them: he was scheduled to be drafted, did not learn until week's end that he had been deferred for a year.



FRED L. TORRE—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

VOTAPEK (LEFT) AT HOMECOMING
Neon on the city hall.



STRAVINSKY'S "AGON" IN MOSCOW
Electricity in the galleries.

Shock Waves in Moscow

"I tell you," said New York City Ballet's George Balanchine, "it's fantastic. Between us—our company and Stravinsky—we may bring about a change here that will influence the entire future of ballet and music." Few who sensed the shock waves of excitement in Russian intellectual circles last week doubted that Balanchine knew what he was talking about. The visits of U.S. instrumentalists such as Van Cliburn and Isaac Stern may have been more loudly acclaimed by the Russian man in the street. But it remained for Russia's two great expatriates—one of whom had not set foot in his homeland for half a century, the other for better than 35 years—to trouble and challenge some of the basic intellectual assumptions of Russian art.

When Choreographer Balanchine stepped from his plane into the glare of Moscow klieg lights, he was tearfully greeted by his brother, Composer Andrei Balanchivadze (original spelling of the family name), whom he had not seen for 43 years. In an airport interview with Moscow radio, he was welcomed to "Moscow, home of the classic ballet." Balanchine promptly corrected the interviewer: the home of the classic ballet had moved to America, he insisted; Moscow was the home of the romantic ballet. Balanchine was equally outspoken about the music written by his brother, regarded as the leading composer of Soviet Georgia. "He composes old music," said he, "but not old enough to be Bach."

Applause from Dissenters. For the ballet's opening-night program at the Bolshoi Theater, all seats were sold out weeks in advance, with the first several solid rows reserved for top officials of the Ministry of Culture. The New York company started with two relatively uncomplicated pieces—Balanchine's *Serenade* and Jerome Robbins' *Interplay*. But it remained for the third number on the program—the Balanchine-Stravinsky *Agon*—to electrify the audience. More sophisticated and far more abstract than Russian ballet fans are accustomed to, it moved even dissenters to applaud at certain high points. The upper galleries, jammed with younger members of the audience, erupted in noise at the curtain. Ballerina Olga Lepeshinskaya, a Bolshoi mainstay, remarked that although she was against abstract dancing in general, "the New



BALANCHINE (RIGHT) & BROTHER

York City Ballet dancers are so superbly trained that it's a pleasure to watch, whereas often abstract dancers are simply concealing their lack of talent."

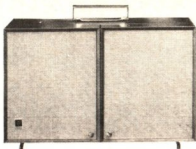
Pravda, not certain how far it should go in endorsing bourgeois decadence, cautiously found the opening night a "big success." But the response of the crowds on the second night, when Balanchine's dancers repeated the program in the new Kremlin Palace of Congresses, indicated that it was considerably more than that. Young Russian dancers, ballet students and just plain fans crowded to the stage at evening's end and clapped until the lights were turned off. One source of amazement to the Russians, accustomed to illustrious but supernumerated dancers loath to abandon the footlights, was the extreme youth of the Balanchine company: the youngest boy is 15, and there are four girls under 17, accompanied by their mothers. "Balanchine likes them young," explained an American to the curious. "They're more pliable."

Hopeless from the Start. On the whole, the audiences seemed to like the absence of decorations that overwhelm the dancers in Bolshoi productions such as *Spartacus*. Said Composer Aram Khachaturian: "If Balanchine had done the choreography for my *Spartacus*, it wouldn't have been a flop." Balanchine politely disagreed. *Spartacus* was hopeless from the start, he said, because it was based on a false conception. Like much of Russian ballet, it subordinated music and dancing to plot and decoration, whereas ballet should be music and dance—first, last and foremost.

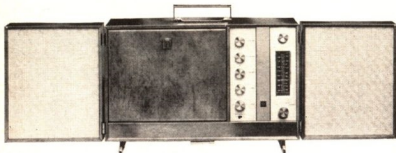
The City Ballet arrived only a few days before Stravinsky departed, after a half-hour chat with Premier Khrushchev. Neither Balanchine nor his dancers could miss the tremendous impact that Stravinsky's visit had already had on Russian musicians long shut out from the fresh currents of Western musical thought. Russian music would not be the same again. Neither, chances were, would Russian dance.



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Crow Jim

Negro Bass Player Charlie Mingus is a talented, successful and angry man—so angry, in fact, that he planned to leave for an island in the Mediterranean and never return to the U.S. Mingus changed his mind, but the anger remains. It is shared in some degree by many Negro jazz musicians, and its major cause is anti-Negro prejudice in a field that Negroes regard as their own. Its result is the regrettable kind of reverse segregation known as Crow Jim—a feeling that the white man has no civil rights when it comes to jazz.

To Mingus and others, jazz is far more than music. It is a shared heritage, a symbol of achievement, a language in which to tell what Negro Drummer Max Roach calls "the dramatic story of our



CHARLIE MINGUS
No to Jim Jim.

people and what we've been through." It is also a private language. Through jazz Negro Pianist Billy Taylor points out, the Negro has always been able "to say many things musically that would never have been accepted by a white American had he verbalized them."

"He Plays Like a Negro." What embitters Negro musicians is that they share so little in the management of the music they created. Negroes control no major company making jazz records, no major booking agency, few of the top jazz rooms. Rarely is a Negro jazzman given a choice engagement on television. Moreover, many Negro jazzmen honestly feel that white jazzmen cannot "feel" the "soul" music that the "soul brothers" and "soul sisters" are producing these days. The highest praise that a Negro jazzman can give his white counterpart is that "he plays like a Negro."

There is also resentment of the easy acceptance of such white jazzmen as Brubeck, Kenton, Mulligan and Shearing. In

fact, notes Dizzy Gillespie, "colored musicians are simply resentful of the fact that in every sphere of American life the white guy has it better." The resentment is too often expressed in the refusal of Negro groups to hire white musicians. It has presented the jazz world with a critical problem in an already critical time—the number of jazz performers is increasing more rapidly than the number of jobs available.

Loudest Notes. As long ago as the '30s, Negro musicians resented the "theft" of swing by white combos. According to Pianist Mary Lou Williams, the Bop era of the '40s began when Thelonious Monk decided: "We're going to create something they can't steal, because they can't play it." But the real problems of Crow Jim emerged in the '50s with the big-money success of West Coast jazz under



CHARLES STEWART

MAX ROACH Now for Crow Crow?

the leadership of Brubeck, Mulligan, Shorty Rogers and Shelly Manne—all of them white. The new jazz put more emphasis on sophisticated arrangement and composition, avoiding the traditional African-born aspects of hard swing.

Most Negroes, says Negro Saxophonist Julian ("Cannonball") Adderley, "felt that swing had to be there for the jazz to be valid. They weren't much interested in the new West Coast music. They were convinced that Brubeck's music was not jazz." Result: few Negroes were involved in West Coast jazz. As its popularity increased, so did the resentment of Negro jazz leaders, who were getting fewer and fewer dates. "The irony of the thing is," says Stan Kenton, "that this group of musicians, who never had any problems before, all of a sudden were at odds and started boycotting on the basis of color rather than music."

"Uncle Tom." West Coast jazz is no longer an important consideration, but Crow Jim is, especially among the angry



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young men who are passionately involved in the rise of Negro nationalism. Jazz compositions these days bear titles like *A Message from Kenya* (Art Blakey), *Uhuru Afrika* (Randy Weston), *Africa Speaks, America Answers* (Guy Warren), *Afro-American Sketches* (Oliver Nelson). Max Roach's *Freedom Now Suite—We Insist* includes tunes like *Tears for Johannesburg*, a lament for the Africans shot down in the Sharpeville massacre. To younger jazzmen, a great musician like Louis Armstrong is suspect—instead of hopping on the freedom bus he has been content to remain an "Uncle Tom."

Charlie Mingus denies that Crow Jim exists: "How can you talk about Crow Jim and look at Mississippi?" And, adds Negro Pianist Horace Silver: "The whites started crying Crow Jim when the public got hip that Negroes play the best jazz." Nonetheless, believes Silver, the difference between soul or "funk" music and other varieties of jazz is the difference between talking "colored" and ordinary English—and only a Negro musician can feel it. "It is murder today for white jazz players. Negro clubs just won't play them," says Impresario George Wein. White Pianist Paul Winter, 22, who has three Negroes in his sextet, agrees: "We're right in the middle of a Crow Jim period. Out in Chicago they told us, 'Don't go to New York—you're ofay.'"^{*} Echoes Drummer Cal Tjader: "I don't think I'd very much like to be a white boy just starting out in New York now."

Colored Cats Bitched. For all that, most Negro jazzmen are as concerned as the whites about the effects of prejudice in either direction. Querulous Trumpeter Miles Davis has always insisted on hiring his musicians on talent only, although he concedes that "some colored cats bitched" when he added white Saxophonist Lee Konitz to his group. (In jazz argot, the pressure applied by Negro bigots to Negroes who will not subscribe to Crow Jim is called Crow Crow; its opposite is Jim Jim.) Says Negro Saxophonist Sonny Stitt: "Man, if a guy can play, that's all that counts. I don't care if his skin is purple, orange or chartreuse."

Negro Singer Abbey Lincoln, ignoring such Negro artists as Harry Belafonte and Leontyne Price, reasons that "it's unfair for whites to get so worked up over discrimination against whites; in music, we're kept out of everything but jazz. If a Negro jazz player chooses other Negroes to play with him, it's because he's looking for the same emphasis musically and emotionally." Cooler heads know that the future of jazz could depend on resolving prejudice. Noting that modern jazz owes much to the European classical tradition, Pianist Taylor points out: "Crow Jim is a state of affairs which must be remedied; jazz can never again be music by Negroes strictly for Negroes any more than the Negroes themselves can return to the attitudes and emotional responses which prevailed when this was true."

^{*} Pie Latin for "foe," or Negro jargon for a white person.

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Photographed at Dumbarton, Scotland, by "21" Brands

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At Dumbarton, Scotland, thousands of oaken barrels of Scotch Whisky destined to become Ballantine's lie racked in the aging sheds. They are guarded by a proud squad of 18 white Chinese geese, led by a crusty old gander irreverently called Mr. Ballantine. Any uninvited visitor must first deal with these stern sentinels. For one shrill cackle starts another and soon a tuneless symphony brings the authorities. Here the 42 fine Scotch Whiskies that go into Ballantine's are brought to maturity. Rolling

mists from the nearby Clyde gently wrap each barrel in a silken blanket. As the whisky in each barrel "breathes" this moist Scottish atmosphere, it slowly loses any sharpness, emerging with its characteristic sunny-light flavor. Once harmonized into Ballantine's, the result is Scotch Whisky unsurpassed in authentic taste—never heavy or brash... nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. Just a few reasons why: ***The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***



SHOW BUSINESS

MOVIES ABROAD

No, No, A Thousand Times No

It is almost a certainty. One evening next winter, at perhaps 1930 hours, the President of the United States will enter a small room. For two hours a machine will play with his emotions. He may groan, but he will not be physically hurt. If he is disappointed when he leaves, he will at least emerge into a world where his job seems relatively tame, for he will have seen *Doctor No*, the first attempt to approximate on film the cosmic bravery, stupefying virility, six-acre brain, and deathproof nonchalance of Secret Agent James Bond—the President's favorite fictional hero, and Writer Ian Fleming's generous gift to literature.

Produced by Harry Saltzman and Albert Broccoli, *Doctor No* has just opened in London and is scheduled for release in the U.S. early next year. To Fleming fans, the dark hood looks of Scottish Actor Sean Connery were somewhat disturbing; they do not suggest Fleming's tasteful pagan so much as a used-up gigolo. Bond would never speak with a cigarette dangling from his urbane lips, for instance. But his lines are not contra-Bond: "It would be a shame to waste that Dom Pérignon '55 by hitting me with it," says Doctor No. "I prefer '53," retorts Bond. And the producers had the sense to take Bond comically. "All good, and I am glad to say, not quite clean fun," said a critic in the Sunday Times. The Evening Standard called it "sadism for the family."

True to the book, the movie's impervious hero is machine-gunned, drugged, almost electrocuted, pressure-cooked, and licked by a flamethrower. Exaggerating

the original's single conquest, he makes love to three women. But in two notable instances, the filmmakers felt a need to tone down Author Fleming's unbuttoned imagination. In the book, the heroine is walking a beach nude with a knife-belt strapped about her when Bond first sees her. In the movie, Actress Ursula Andress fills a wet bikini as if she were going downwind behind twin spinnakers. In the book, the villainous Doctor No is buried alive inside a 20-ft. mound of bird droppings. In the movie, he is cleanly boiled in a nuclear reactor.

Ian Fleming seemed pleased enough. "Those who've read the book are likely to be disappointed," he said modestly, "but those who haven't will find it a wonderful movie. Audiences laugh in all the right places."

NEW FACES

Lawrence of Leeds

An unknown movie actor checked into an English hospital last week, taking a couple of dozen scripts to bed with him. He is unknown because he has so far appeared in only three minor pictures. He had the scripts with him because producers all over the world are nonetheless begging him to work for them. He needed hospitalization because he is physically shot. During the past 20 months, he has suffered sand burns on his feet, sprained both ankles, cracked an anklebone, torn ligaments in his thigh and hip, dislocated his spine, broken his thumb, partially lost the use of two fingers, sprained his neck, and suffered two concussions. The survivor's name is Peter O'Toole, and he is Sam Spiegel's Lawrence of Arabia.

Two months before its release, *Lawrence of Arabia* has already been described as the finest motion picture ever made, although no one has seen it but Producer Spiegel and his bodyguard. O'Toole has been hailed as "a new Olivier," becoming roughly the 29th young actor to be so described. Next spring, he and Richard Burton will begin making the film version of *Becket* (he is Henry II; Burton is Becket). After that, O'Toole will appear in his own movie production of *Waiting for Godot*. Columbia Pictures and Alan Jay Lerner want him for the role of Henry Higgins in *My Fair Lady* (making him the new Rex Harrison).

Unshaven Scholarship. A tall, green-eyed, 29-year-old Irishman with an overflow of dark blond hair, O'Toole is at least prepared for his prepackaged stardom. Unlike, say, Warren Beatty—who had never been seen in anything more exacting than a high school football game before being hailed as a superstar—Peter O'Toole was trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and is a veteran of both the Bristol Old Vic and the Shakespeare company at Stratford on Avon. Critics have variously cited his "huge resources" and "sinewy vitality," his capacity to deliver lines so that they "sing like bullets."



PETER O'TOOLE & WIFE
Hard work and loud opinions.

His father was a bookie in Connemara who moved to Leeds when Peter was one. Young Peter hated school. "I was far more brilliant than anyone else," he explains. He quit when he was 14 and did amateur theatricals and odd jobs until he was called into the navy. After he was demobbed, he spent his service pay wandering around England, and 23 of his last 30 shillings went for a ticket to see Sir Michael Redgrave impersonate King Lear at Stratford. He hitchhiked to London the next day, walked into the Royal Academy unshaven, and demanded an audition. He won a scholarship.

Haunted Tanks. His reputation as an actor grew almost as fast as his reputation as a loudmouthed roisterer. He drank hard. "I like to make things hum," he says. "I like to shout at the sun and spit at the moon." He had his nose sharpened by a plastic surgeon. His opinions did not seem sharpening. He has often refused TV work, not wanting to swim in "the haunted fish tanks." He describes theater folk as "messy, sloppy, opinionated people, and if you can't stand them, you should go off and write slim volumes of poetry."

Now married to Welsh Actress Sian Phillips, he is quieter. "I was a wild man," he says, "but that's not all, I'm an actor. That's my bloody business, I'm the hardest working actor I know." And he knows quite a few. Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Jack Hawkins, José Ferrer, Claude Rains and Arthur Kennedy play supporting roles to his T.E. Lawrence in a script written by Robert Bolt (*A Man for All Seasons*) and directed by David Lean (*The Bridge on the River Kwai*). All agree that Peter O'Toole is as good as he seems to think he is. "If I wasn't sure I could deliver the bloody goods, I would get off the bloody stage," says Peter. "Any actor who doesn't feel he's potentially a king should get off the stage and hide up a bamboo tree."



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Sunrise in the West

The West Coast was on a rampage again, and football's experts were tearing up their form charts. On successive Saturdays, Southern California trampled Duke, Southern Methodist and Iowa. Washington tied cocky Purdue and crushed Illinois, Upstart Stanford, which has not had a winning season for four years, slipped past Tulane and then beat mighty Michigan State. Still smarting from its 21-3 Rose Bowl defeat last New Year's Day, U.C.L.A. got ample revenge by toppling Ohio State from its lofty perch atop the nation's college ratings. When the dust settled last week, the underrated Westerners found themselves with three teams ranked among the nation's top ten. The University of Southern California was No. 3, Washington No. 5, U.C.L.A. No. 10.

The resurgence was even sweeter because it was so long overdue. When Daddy drove a flivver and raccoon coats were all the rage, West Coast football took a rumble seat to none. But after World War II, the once proud West suffered painful indignities. Only three times in 15 years did a Western team win in the Rose Bowl; of 114 games with the Big Ten, the West won only 38. But last week all that was changed, and the best in the West were a match for any in the U.S. The best:

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA (3-0): California's exploding population produces such good young football players that Coach Johnny McKay's defensive unit is largely composed of sophomores. He professes to be worried. But the stubborn Trojans limited Duke to just 53 yds. and held Iowa scoreless for the first time in ten years. On offense McKay can take his pick of three hard-throwing quarterbacks, has one of the nation's top ends in Junior Hal Bedsole, a converted quarterback who has already caught three touchdowns passes this year. U.S.C.'s offense will be even better when 230-lb. Fullback Ben Wilson, now recovering from knee surgery, returns to the lineup. "If there's a better power runner in America," says McKay, "I've missed him."

WASHINGTON (3-0-1): In 1960 and 1961, Washington went to the Rose Bowl, did its bit to bolster West Coast prestige by trouncing Wisconsin (44-8) and Minnesota (17-7). Last year was a "building" year; Washington lost four games, all by seven points or less, while Coach Jim Owens taught a new crew his brand of fanatic football. He lashes his Huskies through practice sessions on the dead run, stages man-to-man duels between competing linemen, expects injured players to get off the field under their own power. "When the going gets tough," says Owens, "the tough get going." This year Owens has a lean, agile line that averages 6 ft. 2 in., 208 lbs. per man, and 22 returning lettermen, including Center Ray Mansfield and All-Coast Halfback Charley Mitchell, who set up the crucial touchdown against Purdue with a dazzling

SPORT



WASHINGTON'S MITCHELL & OWENS



U.C.L.A.'s ZENO & BARNES



U.S.C.'s MCKAY & BEDSOLE
No longer in the rumble seat.

24-yd. run. Owens sheds no crocodile tears over his team. "We'll win our share," he says.

U.C.L.A. (2-0): Most football experts gave U.C.L.A. little chance of returning to the Rose Bowl next January. The Bruins' murderous schedule pitted them against top-ranked Ohio State in their opening game, and Coach Billy Barnes, knocking under to alumni pressure, was replacing his familiar single-wing with a wide-open split-T. But Barnes had two aces up his sleeve: spring-footed Halfback Kermit Alexander, who raced 45 yds. for a touchdown against the Buckeyes on U.C.L.A.'s first play from scrimmage, and Quarterback Larry Zeno, who kicked the winning field goal with 1 min. 35 sec. to play. The Uclan defense? It stopped Ohio State three times on the 1-yd. line. "One of the guttiest performances I've ever seen," gloated Barnes.


The West's golden bubble might burst on some chilly fall weekend to come, but keyed-up fans are making the most of it while it lasts. "Who's No. 1?—We're No. 1," chanted the U.C.L.A. cheering section with pardonable delirium. Southern Cal alumni happily compared their 1962 squad to the great Trojan teams of the '40s. And up in Seattle, Husky Stadium rocked to the fervent strains of *Heaven Help the Foes of Washington*. "I've never seen anything like it," said a Purdue official just before the Boilermakers took the field against Washington. "These people are actually feeling sorry for us."

Who Won

► Soltikoff, a 40-1 long shot: the \$231,000 Arc de Triomphe, France's richest horse race, run over Longchamps' egg-shaped 1½-mi. grass course. Finishing a dismal tenth was the U.S. Cinderella horse Carry Back, given what Owner Jack Price and other observers (including ex-Jockey Eddie Arcaro) called a "stupid" ride by Australia's Scobie Breasley. "Two hours before post time, Breasley was still in the dining room, having a hearty lunch and sipping champagne," said Price angrily. "At the eighth pole—where Carry Back usually makes his best run—it looked like Breasley's efforts at the luncheon table were beginning to tell. He stopped riding." Price challenged the Arc's first five finishers to a winner-take-all rematch, with each owner backing his entry with \$25,000 in cash.

► Jimmy Clark, 26, a Scottish farmer who took his first turn at the wheel of a Grand Prix racer only two years ago: the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y., by the margin of 15 sec. over Britain's Graham Hill (TIME, Sept. 28). In a hurry to get home and "get the feed in for the winter," Clark gunned his low-slung V-8 Lotus into the lead at the start, set a new lap record (1:10.4 m.p.h.), and stubbornly fought off Hill—despite a clutch that failed midway through the 230-mi. contest. Runner-up to Hill in the duo for the Grand Prix driving championship, Clark needs a victory in next month's South African Grand Prix to win.

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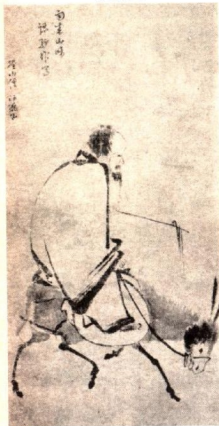
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ART



WU-CHUN'S "MONK ON MULE"
In the dark, a mule is a horse.

The Most Sensitive Brush

Since the days when the Yankee clipper sailed to the ports of the Orient, Americans have had a nodding acquaintance with the civilization of China. Yet the study of Chinese art is still in its infancy. A year ago, the citizens of five U.S. cities, visiting a show sent by the government of Nationalist China, discovered the magnificence of the old Peking Palace Museum treasures. Last week another dazzling and instructive exhibition—though inevitably smaller—went on display at Manhattan's Pierpont Morgan Library.

The collector responsible for it is a Manhattanite named John M. Crawford Jr., who has been using his ample inheritance from a West Virginia manufacturer of oil-drilling equipment to build the finest collection of Chinese paintings and calligraphy in private Western hands since that of the famed Charles Freer.

A Dot Is a Rock. Probably no artists ever followed so severe a technique as the Chinese, and no instrument of art has ever been devised as sensitive as the Chinese brush. In calligraphy, no matter how many kinds of strokes convention demanded, each had to be perfect. According to one convention, "a dot should resemble a rock falling from a high cliff. A horizontal stroke should resemble a formation of

cloud stretching 1,000 miles. A vertical stroke should resemble a dried vine stem a myriad years old." It is one of the virtues of the collection that there is such an emphasis on calligraphy, for the calligrapher's art was especially admired; as each stroke went into the building of a character and each character flowed onto the next, a man's inner being was revealed.

The paintings had a similar rhythm, almost musical in their surges of line and empty spaces of pure silence. They required the mastery of the same calligraphic stroke, from the tight lines of the academic seal characters to the freer lines of "grass script." Color, when used, was often so fragile that it looked as if it could be blown away.

Some artists in the Crawford collection could suggest the universe with a few lines; others explored the world in microscopic detail. While China had its share of artistic individualists, most painters repeated the themes and composition of the great masters even centuries after the masters were dead. If Western art has tended to progress in bursts of genius, Chinese art has tended to flow. Each time of greatness has passed onto the next its heritage intact.

From Emperor to Monk. The Crawford collection ranges from pages out of ancient albums to calligraphic couplets, from spectacular wall scrolls to hand scrolls that were meant to be seen only a few inches at a time. There are scenes of jolly drunkenness and of men contemplating a waterfall, paintings ranging from lofty landscapes to spare sprays of bamboo, the nearest thing in nature to calligraphy. One 22-ft. hand scroll showing a series of great palaces is a work of art so intricate that it seems like a series of fantasies by some Oriental Piranesi. Yet recent excavations in Red China have shown that the fountain and palaces really did exist at Sian (old Ch'ang-an).

The artists themselves knew no class. One of them was the Sung Emperor Hui-tsung, who lost his empire to the Tatars but also produced the collection's exquisite *Finches* and *Bamboo*. Another artist in the collection is Yeh-lu Ch'u-Ts'ai, who was captured by Genghis Khan, became his adviser, and introduced him to the mysteries of writing, taxes, and weights

and measures. Still another artist was the monk Wu-chun, a disciple of the great Yao, who preached a form of Zen. The monk painted a fellow monk riding on a mule—possibly to extol the virtues of poverty and meditation. The inscription on the painting is as cryptic as Zen itself.

The rain comes, it is dark in the mountains;

He sees the mule and mistakes it for a horse.

Robinson Revisited

"Looking at my things," Theodore Robinson wrote in his diary, "I feel pretty blue. There are glimmers here and there of refined good painting—but a woeful slackness—a lack of grasp, of inspiration, interest." Once, on seeing some of his paintings in an exhibition, he spluttered, "My things are bum with one exception, the girl sewing, which has something redeeming." Actually, Robinson was rarely slack and almost never bum; he was one 19th century American artist who deserves more than the comparative obscurity that has been his fate. Last week a welcome retrospective of his work (see color) opened at Manhattan's Florence Lewison Gallery, from where it will go to the Albany Institute of History and Art.

Impressed by Impressionism. The paintings cover his development from his sharply focused early realism to the sun-swathed impressionism of his later work. He was, in fact, perhaps the first American to be attracted by the impressionists' vision. But he was never an imitator of his great French contemporaries, Critic John Baur notes that he was always torn between his loyalty to line and solid form and his wish to achieve the effect that the impressionists got by dissolving line and form in color and atmosphere. Robinson never solved the dilemma, but this failure may have been all to the good. What Robinson wanted, as he himself put it, was to attain a delicate balance between "the brilliancy and light of real outdoors and the austerity, the sobriety, that has always characterized good painting."

The type of painting that many collectors thought good in Robinson's day was the storytelling picture that would run a sugary gamut from coy to mawkish. Robinson himself turned out a few canvases with titles such as *A Canine Patient* and *A Rail Fence Flirtation*, but he did not tolerate that kind of "potboiling" for long. He first went to France when he was only 24, and there he gradually fell under the spell of the new painters. Though the paintings of his good friend Monet made him "blue with envy," he took away only a fresh appreciation of light and color, which added to his traditional realism rather than replacing it.

Racked by Asthma. In person, according to one acquaintance, Robinson was "far from handsome in the classic sense. An enormous head, with goggle eyes and a whopper jaw, was balanced on a frail body by means of a neck of extreme tenuity; and stooping shoulders with a long slouching gait did not add anything of grace or beauty." Yet grace and beauty



*The sounds of the tide rise at noon;
The azure color
of the mountains is deepest near south.*



Theodore Robinson, AMERICAN REALIST, LOVINGLY PAINTED SCENES LIKE "KITCHEN INTERIOR"

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were Robinson's hallmarks both as a man and as an artist. He was racked by asthma throughout his 44 years, but he let no sense of pain enter his paintings.

He saw the world with an affectionate eye; a stark interior he would somehow make snug; a winter street would lose its chill; and in his scores of landscapes—from his native Wisconsin to Giverny in France to Maine and Vermont—he never showed a storm or the sun as anything but gentle. Robinson may have been a minor figure, but his talent was genuine and warm. It was—as so many of his friends said about his laugh—infectious.

Controversial Collection

When auto-rich Art Collector Walter P. Chrysler Jr. presented a show called "The Controversial Century: 1850-1950" at his own Chrysler Art Museum in Provincetown, Mass., last summer, it included, predictably, some magnificent works from his impressive if erratic collection. But where it was bad, it was very, very bad—and the doubts of New York's gossip art world went beyond questions of taste to questions of authenticity. "It was hard to believe that the artists could have been that bad," explains one Manhattan dealer.

This week the doubts went down on paper. After traveling to Ottawa, where "The Controversial Century" is on exhibition at the National Gallery of Canada, New York Times Art Critic John Canaday concluded: "Within this large and fine exhibition there is secreted a second and smaller one in which pedigrees are nonexistent or dubious, and attributions are arbitrary to such an extent that, the stylistic evidence being what it is, one must question them."

Questioned Canaday: "Why should a pleasant but not at all exceptional sketch of a young girl, a sketch with no signature, no date, shaky pedigree, and so far as I can see no direct kinship to a Degas, be offered as a Degas?" Why should "an only moderately proficient painting called *Le Trompeur* and a pleasant but unexceptional still-life, without dates, signatures or certifications, be offered as Manets when the best you can say for them with certainty is that in a weak way they share certain characteristics of Manet's art? And when a painting is recognizable as a variation on a self-portrait by Van Gogh, yet is not above the technical level of an average copyist, can it really be defended as an original on no other documentation than its acquisition from 'Jean Neger, 1053'?"

"Nobody is sure of such things," says Manhattan Dealer Harry Votnakparian, who sold Chrysler some of the questioned pictures. "Is it a Van Gogh or not a Van Gogh? I don't know. I wasn't there."

Collector Chrysler was more certain. He insisted: "I'm satisfied with all the pictures. I don't make any claim for their being the greatest examples of each artist; but we can't look at masterpieces all the time. I think that would be rather dull."

But dullness was hardly the issue.



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FAIRS

Moses in the Wilderness

New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller pressed a lever, and pss-CHUNK!—a pile driver began to hammer in the first pile for a 200-ft. observation tower, the highest structure at the New York World's Fair 1964-65, and part of New York State's elegant \$5,000,000 pavilion, designed by Architect Philip Johnson. The fair, declared the Governor, was going to be a vast success, visited by 70 million people, and yielding "lasting benefits as a magnificent showcase."

The 646-acre site in Flushing Meadow looked less like a showcase last week than a sordid battlefield of machinery and men. And inside the administration building, the generalissimo of it all, Fair President Robert Moses, kept things moving like the centurion in the Gospels, who described himself as a man who says "Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh."

\$20 Million Cancellation. There has been more coming than going. Already in the foundation stage are the buildings of the Bell System, Du Pont, Eastman Kodak, Electric Power & Light, Ford, Festival of Gas, IBM, General Motors, Sinclair Oil, Travelers Insurance, and the heliport. The international exhibitors are somewhat farther behind; 65 foreign exhibitors have declared their "intent" to be present. Of these, at least 35 have signed up for specific space, 17 have submitted designs,

and two—Hong Kong and Vatican City*—have started test borings. Altogether, 83% of international area space has been allocated, 71% of the industrial area, and 77% of the transportation area. Thirty states, so far, have agreed to come in.

But there has been some going, too. Most notable: the announcement from the Soviet Union last fortnight canceling Russia's building, which was to have been the fair's largest, budgeted for \$20 million (Congress has appropriated \$17 million for the U.S. entry).

Funny Business. For the present, at least, New Yorkers are most aware of their fair in terms of the bumper-to-bumper embolisms the highway expansion program is causing in the borough of Queens. Travelers taxiing into the city from La Guardia and Idlewild airports are sometimes dumfounded to find a full-fledged traffic jam of early bird commuters at 6 a.m. But fair officials seem confident that when the new network of roads is in operation, their facilities will be able to handle a traffic-jamless 36,000 people an hour coming by car or bus.

With such round figures to deal in, Robert Moses and his aides are inoculated against most of the hair-tearing problems that are bound to pile up between now and opening day—and after. As Moses himself says: "The fair is a funny business, if, indeed, it can be called a business at all. It involves a strange combination of engineering and showmanship. It is part theater, part traveling carnival, part insubstantial pageant and part permanent park."

MAN KISSES

Cocktail Kissing

At last month's opening of Lincoln Center, Conductor Leonard Bernstein seized an intermission well-wisher with operatic gusto, dropped a kiss upon her cheek, and offered her his own, slightly more ravaged, cheek in return. The kisser, Mrs. John F. Kennedy, looked pleased; but the moment, recorded on nationwide television, brought some cries of public outrage. "Distasteful" and "disgusting," sniffed the proper to the polltakers; and though Gossip Dorothy Kilgallen soothed one righteous reader by explaining that "it was the sort of 'social' kiss customary in high society," she went on: "it's the New Frontier, so you've got to expect the members to make a few new rules. Maybe kissing the First Lady on TV indicates an even higher status than being pushed into the Attorney General's pool with your clothes on."

Whatever its status and whoever the seekers, the kiss as greeting has moved out of the domain of theater and show business circles (where everyone has already



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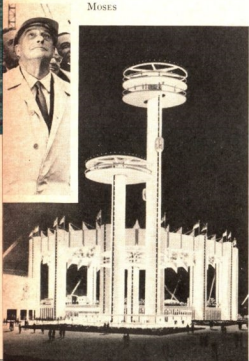


PETER SELLERS & SOPHIA LOREN
Across the U.S., cheek to cheek.

kissed everyone else, and only the hand-shake denotes abiding love), and is fast becoming party protocol across the U.S. Like players in a familiar charade, men and women purse lips and brush cheeks with each other; besides the laying on of cheekbones, the gesture is accompanied by a smacking of mouth to air.

Targets & Practices. The social kiss requires a behavioral code of its own. Men who once marched forward into cocktail parties with abandon, hands outstretched and mouths dry, now find themselves skulking around doorways, trying to remember whom to kiss and whom not to (skip the wife's slinky onetime roommate, don't forget the host's plain sister). General rule is to leave the initiative to the woman. The man's problem is to be ready for a kiss, but not so far committed that he cannot smoothly recover if he is offered only a hand. And he must be clear about the target area—a few inches forward of the ear but well clear of the lips; smearing the lady's makeup is unforgivable.

Wives who loathe the hostess, love the host, clearly cannot kiss only the latter. (Best choice: kiss both.) Professionally, what about the boss's wife? (Let her kiss first.) Physically, how to avoid the host determined to bestow a really really warm welcome? (Embrace his wife until spontaneity ebbs.) Does a kiss upon entrance



PROPOSED NEW YORK PAVILION
In Flushing, more coming than going.

* Pope John has agreed to send Michelangelo's famed *Pietà*, which will be leaving St. Peter's church for the first time since it was placed there in 1749.

Love in Fine Paragraphs

MARIA [246 pp.]—Curtis Bok—Knopf (\$3.95).

The late Justice Curtis Bok of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court was famed for the wit and sense of his legal writing; he remarked once, while discussing the unnecessary pother raised by bluenoses about sex in literature, that if a man were in the mood to be sensual, he would be aroused by reading the Mechanics' Lien Acts. Justice Bok was also a novelist and a sailor. In the best sense of the rapidly blurring word amateur (one who does something, perhaps very well, solely for his own pleasure), the judge wrote two well-received novels about courtroom life and made two west-to-east crossings of the Atlantic as skipper of his own 42-ft. ketch.

The jurist's last work of fiction combines these elegantly amateur loves. *Maria* is an unabashed romance full of fine sentiment, true love, literary talismans snipped from Catullus and Shakespeare, and aphorisms worn to a wonderful polish from having spent a lifetime in the author's pocket.

Jahn is a European (nationality not specified) who has sailed his small ketch to what is presumably Nova Scotia or the Gaspé Peninsula, in order to spend a year testing some mining theories. Maria is the crippled daughter of the customs officer, a wise, learned man who has been paralyzed for 20 years. The young people cannot marry while Maria's father is alive, nor can they let him know that his life is thus a burden. The action of the book begins as Jahn and his small crew set sail again for Europe. Maria gives him a packet of letters that she has written during his stay and asks him to read one letter on each day of the voyage. He does, and their contents and his thoughts while reading them become the core of the book.

The structure is ancient but remarkably sturdy. Since the author's book is a "tale" and not a novel, it is perfectly proper that his true lovers are slightly unreal in an old-fashioned way, rather than, as is now customary, slightly unreal in a modern way. Jahn and Maria speak to each other not in ping-pong dialogue but in fine, prosy paragraphs; they are oftener apart than together; they love honor or more. And the reader, to his surprise, may find that he likes them this way.

Eliza Crosses Main Street

THE VOICES OF GLORY [469 pp.]—Davis Grubb—Scribner (\$5.95).

Glory is a small town in West Virginia; Glory's voices are those of its citizens, living and dead. One by one they speak to the reader in eerie, faceless confrontation, telling their stories and the story of the novel's heroine, an embattled Public Health Service nurse named Marcy Cresap.

The year is 1928, and Marcy is up before a local court on a charge of practicing

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medicine without a license. No one can speak of the trial without bitter emotion; Marcy has fought disease with a fanatic's fury since tuberculosis killed her husband and son, and the fury has won her more enemies than friends among the righteous and self-satisfied men who run the town.

The form of the book is much like that of Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*. Novelist Grubb, a fine writer whose best-known book is *The Night of the Hunter*, has written this long, impressive chronicle with great anger and great love—anger for the stupidity and venality of the powerful, love for the weakness of the weak. In their testimony, the town fathers incriminate themselves: the rich doctor objects that Marcy is taking money from the purses of honest physicians with her free toxin-antitoxin shots; the



DAVIS GRUBB

For old enemies, anger and great love.

minister pompously complains of Marcy's interfering when she tells of tubercular prisoners in the penitentiary. The voices of the poor exalt Marcy: it is recalled that she went more than 20 miles through waist-deep snow to tend the dying child of a miner when no doctor would get out of bed to do the job, that she was kind to a half-wit, that she soothed an unjustly condemned man in his last hours.

Grubb knows the violent legends of the West Virginia mining country, and he knows also how a small American town of 40 years ago could fester in its isolation. But it is possible, this late in the century, to pay off personal debts of anger and love to such a town, as Sinclair Lewis did in *Main Street*. The immense force of Grubb's writing is flung against enemies long since weakened or dead—boosterism, Babbitt, ignorant refusal to vaccinate schoolchildren. He might as well have written a passionate parable in favor of rural electrification. *The Voices of Glory*, which should have been a great book, suffers irreparably from too villainous vil-

lains, too pure heroes, and a heroine who, if she were to carry that serum through one more mile of waist-deep snow, would surely prompt the reader to burn all his Christmas seals.

The Voice of the Oppressed

THE VIZIER'S ELEPHANT (247 pp.)—Ivo Andric—Harcourt, Brace & World (\$4.75).

DEVIL'S YARD (137 pp.)—Ivo Andric—Grove (\$3.95).

Few regions in the world have known so little freedom as Bosnia, now part of Yugoslavia. For centuries it was brutally governed by the Turks of the Ottoman Empire. When the Turks were driven out toward the end of the last century, the Austrians moved in for 40 years. The Nazis took over in 1941, and the Communists in 1945, each adding its own refinement to the art of oppression. Out of this blood-soaked, soul-scarred land, a writer has emerged whose works constitute a massive indictment of tyranny. Ivo Andric, 70, won the 1961 Nobel Prize chiefly for his novel *The Vizier's Elephant*, in which he chronicles three centuries of heroic Bosnian endurance of oppression. *Devil's Yard* and the three short novels contained in *The Vizier's Elephant* are less epic works but no less powerful.

In his earlier novels, Andric attacked tyranny by parable, in his later, by character portrayal. In *The Vizier's Elephant*, the earliest of the four novels, tyranny is symbolized by a rambunctious elephant, the pet of a ruthless Turkish vizier of a Bosnian town. The vizier is seldom seen; instead his elephant takes his place in public, inspiring all the fear, doing all the damage that the vizier normally would. Andric's implied moral: when man is a tyrant, he may as well be a beast.

Universal Guilt. The hero of *Zeko* is a forlorn little shadow of a man who returns to Belgrade after fighting in World War I. Rootless and despairing, he is browbeaten by a tigress of a wife called the Cobra, and bullied by her son, who may or may not be his. But when World War II breaks out, Zeko snaps out of his malaise. He sees a group of peasants hanged from lampposts by the Nazis, and in sudden outrage, he resolves to join the underground. Simultaneously, he finds the courage to revolt against the tyranny of his wife, and at last becomes the master of his own house.

Devil's Yard, the best of the four novels, is a searching examination of the mind of 20th century totalitarianism. The novel is set in a massive, fetid prison near Istanbul, in the waning days of the Ottoman Empire, but the prison is obviously a modern police state in miniature. Guilty and innocent alike are cast into this prison where all standards have disappeared. Its chief warden is a masterpiece of characterization, both repellent and sympathetic, a tyrant trapped by fate as his victims are trapped by him.

Warden Karadjos mingles with the prisoners to learn their weaknesses, and with this knowledge wrings confessions from

them all, guilty or not. "He needed a confession," writes Andric, "as the one relatively fixed point on which to be able to base some semblance of justice and create some sort of order in a world where all are guilty and deserve punishment." To get his confessions, Karadjos jokes, bullies, wheedles, blackmails, but the prisoners, with shrewd insight, admire him as much as they fear him. "As things are today," one later reflects, "he was the right man in the right place."

In contrast to rough, wily Karadjos is the prisoner Djamil, a sensitive, foot-loose scholar, who is thrown into Devil's Yard because the paranoid Turks are suspicious of his solitary life. Even Karadjos is at a loss as to what to do with a man who is obviously incapable of crime. But a solution is found: Djamil is executed for



IVO ANDRIC

For the warden, fear and admiration.

conspiring against the state. The evidence: books he had been reading about a conspirator who lived four centuries ago.

Creativity in Jail. Andric has lived most of his life with war and tyranny. Arrested for associating with the Serbian nationalists who assassinated Archduke Ferdinand, Andric spent World War I in prison. There he composed his lyrical diary, *Ex Ponto*. Between the wars he joined the diplomatic corps and became minister to Germany just before World War II. The Nazis imprisoned him for ten months, then, because he was ill, allowed him to return to occupied Belgrade. While the bombs burst outside his apartment, he calmly produced his finest novels. Since the war, he has been feted by Tito's Communists, has served seven years as president of the Yugoslav Federation of Writers. Tito, despite the 5,000 political prisoners in his jails, does not seem to feel that Andric's attacks on tyranny could have anything to do with him—and Andric apparently finds it wiser not to raise the point if nobody else does.

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